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No 35
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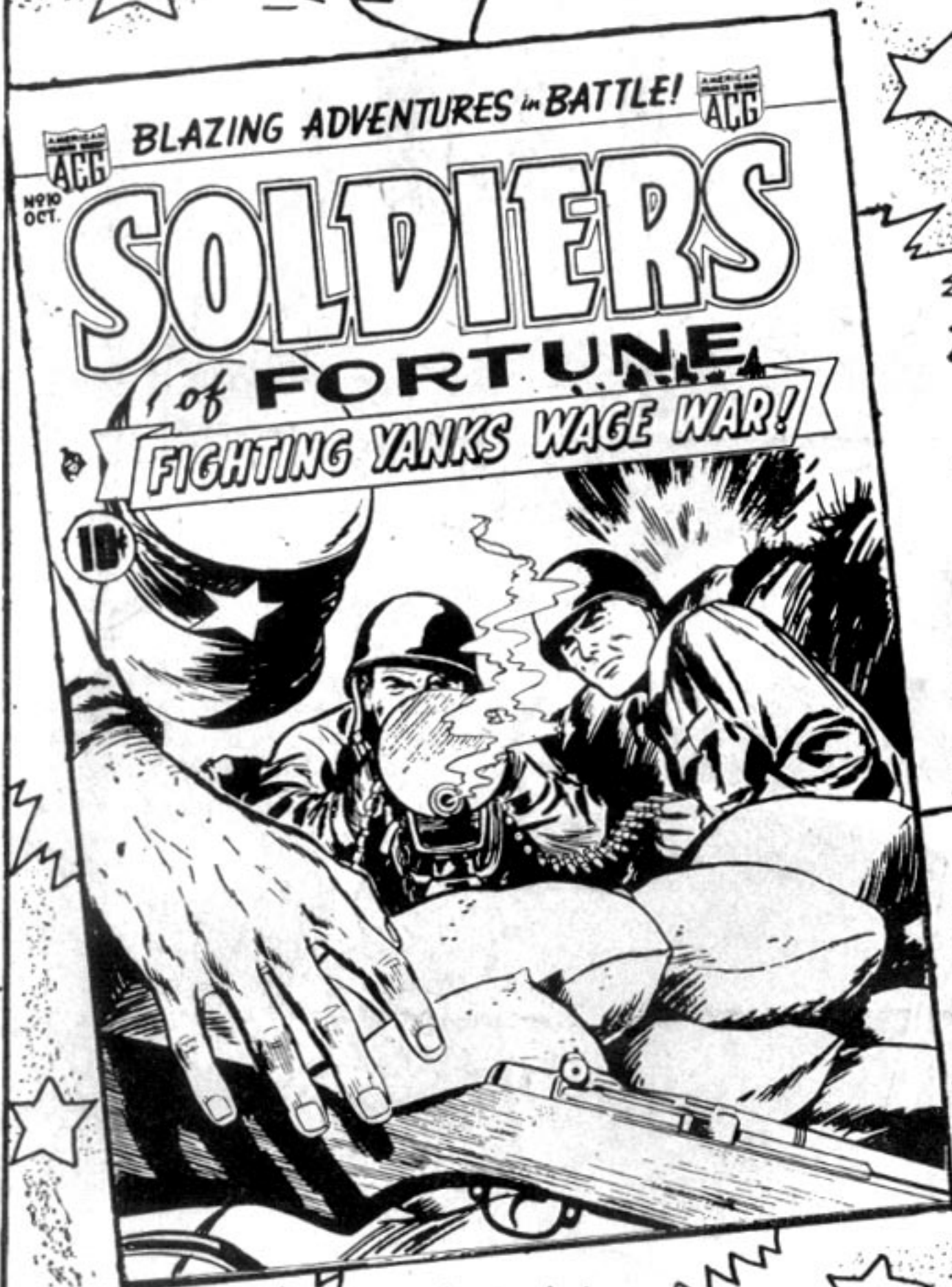
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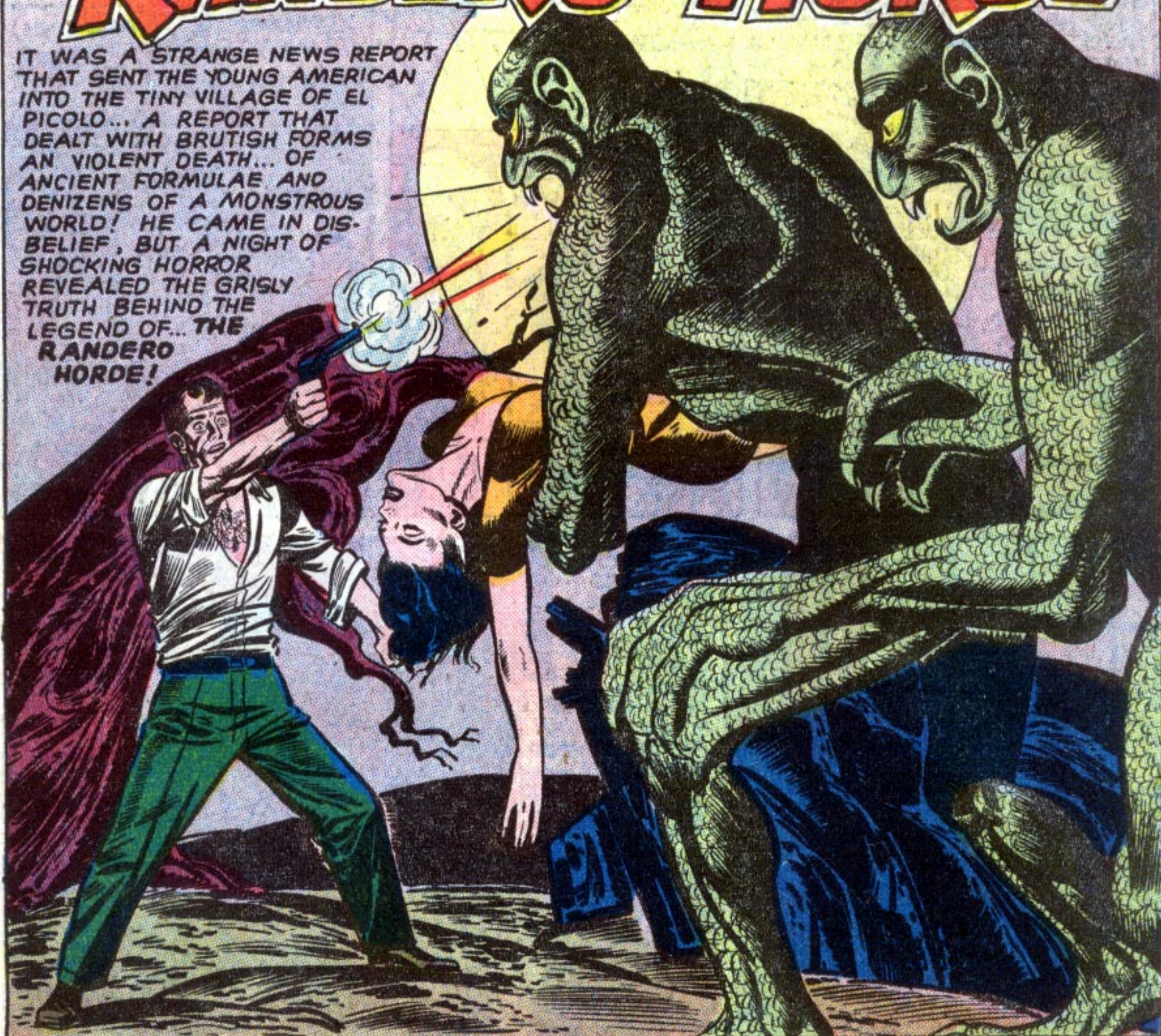
*The greatest, most challenging
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Soldiers
of FORTUNE

10¢
ON ALL
STANDS!

The RANDERO HORDE

IT WAS A STRANGE NEWS REPORT THAT SENT THE YOUNG AMERICAN INTO THE TINY VILLAGE OF EL PICOLO... A REPORT THAT DEALT WITH BRUTISH FORMS AN VIOLENT DEATH... OF ANCIENT FORMULAE AND DENIZENS OF A MONSTROUS WORLD! HE CAME IN DIS-BELIEF, BUT A NIGHT OF SHOCKING HORROR REVEALED THE GRISLY TRUTH BEHIND THE LEGEND OF... THE RANDERO HORDE!



IN A SECLUDED RESIDENCE, NOT FAR FROM THE MEXICAN VILLAGE OF EL PICOLO



SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW ALL I NEED ADD IS A TINY SPRIG OF THE ZUTUP PLANT, AND THE MIXTURE WILL BE COMPLETE!

IN THE NEXT ROOM...

EACH DAY, FATHER SPENDS MORE AND MORE TIME IN HIS EXPERIMENTS! WHEN I ASK HIM WHAT HE DOES, HE REFUSES TO ANSWER, AMANDO!

I DON'T LIKE IT, MARIA! THOSE BOOKS OF HIS... FILLED WITH EVIL, AND THINGS BEST LEFT UNTOUCHED!





WHY, YOU MAKE IT SOUND AS IF HE WERE A WITCH!

NOT THAT-- I HAVE WORKED FOR YOUR FATHER MANY YEARS, AND HE IS A GOOD MAN.. BUT THE THINGS HE DABBLES WITH ARE RISKY BUSINESS!



SUDDENLY... AMANDO... THAT NOISE!

HURRY! SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED!

CRASH!



MERCIFUL HEAVENS!

GROWRRRR!



OH!!

SMASH!



MOMENTS LATER, THE GRUESOME HULK STEPS THROUGH THE SMASHED WINDOW... THE LIFELESS FORM OF JUAN PEREZ GRIPPED TIGHTLY IN HIS SCALY ARMS!

EARLY NEXT MORNING, IN A NEWS SERVICE OFFICE IN MEXICO CITY...

HERE'S A HOT LEAD, GREG! A MEXICAN SCHOLAR BY THE NAME OF JUAN PEREZ WAS MURDERED LAST NIGHT NEAR EL PICOLO! HIS SERVANT CLAIMS HE WAS THE VICTIM OF A RANDERO MONSTER!

ARE YOU KIDDING, CHIEF.. OR IS THAT TELETYPE MACHINE OUT OF WHACK AGAIN?

THE MACHINE'S OKAY! THIS RANDERO BUSINESS CAN'T BE ANYTHING BUT HOKUM, BUT IT'S GOOD COPY FOR THE SUNDAY SUPPLEMENTS BACK HOME! ANYWAY, TAKE OFF FOR EL PICOLO AND GIVE IT THE TREATMENT!

SOUNDS LIKE A DILLY, ALL RIGHT... BUT YOU'RE THE BOSS!



WHEN GREG ARRIVES...

I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE MY COMING, BUT YOUR FATHER'S SCHOLARLY FAME HAS REACHED FAR BEYOND THE BORDERS OF HIS OWN COUNTRY! HIS SUDDEN DEATH WAS A GREAT SHOCK!

BUT THE WAY HE DIED, MR. MALLORY! IT WAS HORRIBLE... AND STILL NO TRACE OF THE BODY!

YES... I READ THE REPORT! NOW ABOUT THIS **RANDERO** CREATURE -- SURELY IT WAS SOME SORT OF DISGUISE! PERHAPS YOUR FATHER HAD AN **ENEMY**, SOMEONE WHO--

NO! WE SAW THE CREATURE-- AMANDO WAS WITH ME!

THIS IS NOT VILLAGE GOSSIP, SEÑOR-- BUT **FACT!** THE **RANDEROS** ARE REAL! YOU ARE AN OUTSIDER AND WILL NOT BELIEVE-- BUT THE PEOPLE OF EL PICOLO KNOW!

EVEN ASSUMING THIS WERE TRUE, AMANDO -- WHY SHOULD ONE BREAK IN HERE AND KILL JUAN PEREZ?



THAT I CAN EXPLAIN! WHEN JUAN PEREZ CAME TO OUR VILLAGE, HE HEARD OF THE **RANDEROS**! HE WAS A SCHOLAR AND BECAME CURIOUS! HE READ FORBIDDEN BOOKS-- AND STUMBLED UPON THEIR SECRET! DON'T YOU SEE, THE **RANDERO** DIDN'T COME ALONE-- JUAN PEREZ SENT FOR HIM!

YOU CAN'T BELIEVE THAT, MARIA! IF THIS MONSTER WERE REALLY ON THE LOOSE, THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN OTHER KILLINGS BY NOW!

I-- I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE! ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I SAW WITH MY OWN EYES!



AND AT THE SAME MOMENT IN A NATIVE FARMHOUSE NOT FAR OFF...

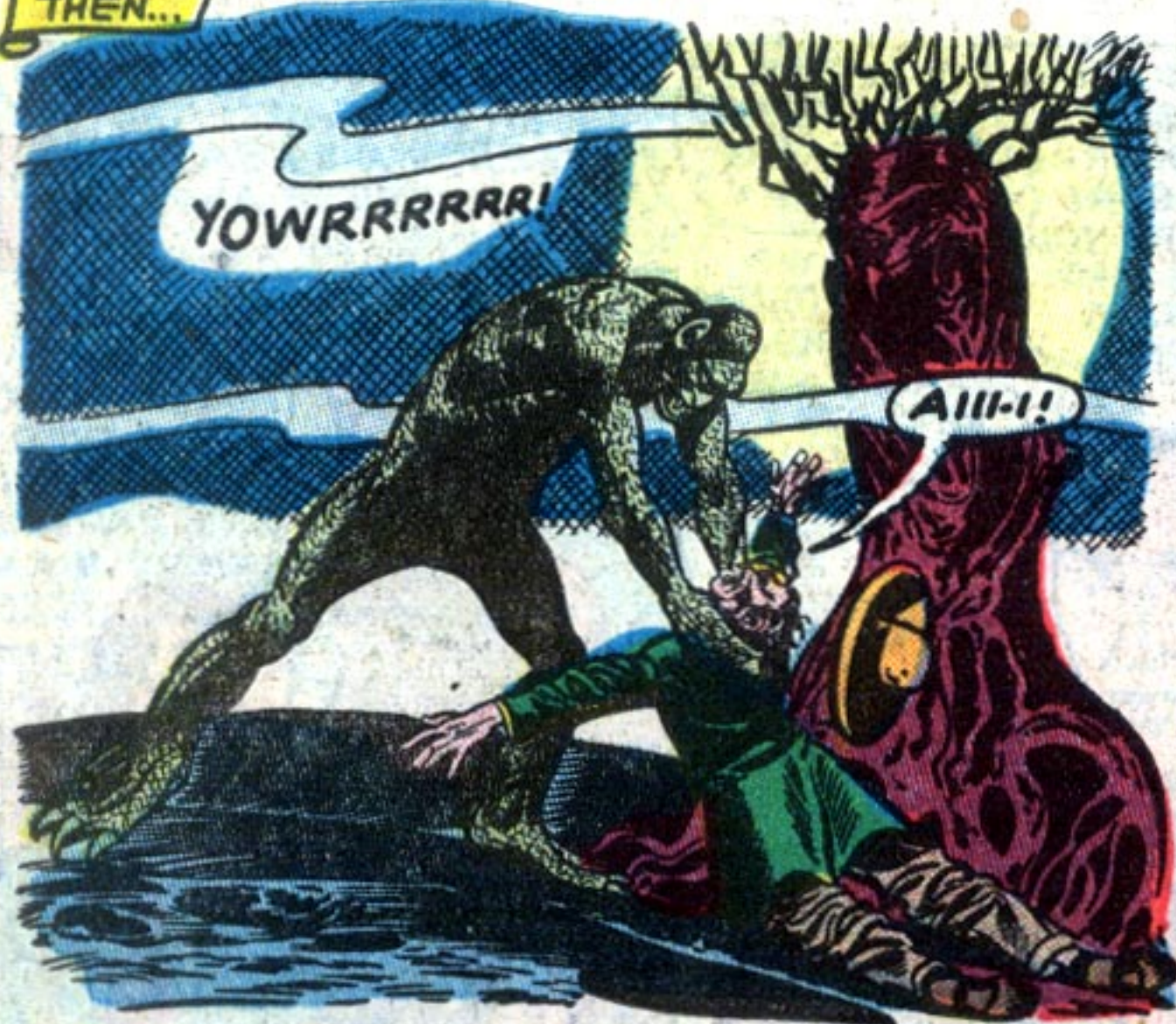
THE ANIMALS SOUND RESTLESS! I HAD BETTER GO LOOK!

BE CAREFUL, ARMEZ... AND HURRY BACK!



GO BACK, WOMAN, AND BOLT THE DOOR! I WILL RETURN IN A MOMENT!

THEN...



QUICKLY, THE WORD SPREADS, AND WITHIN THE SPACE OF AN HOUR, AN AROUSED GROUP OF VILLAGERS HOLD A HURRIED MEETING...

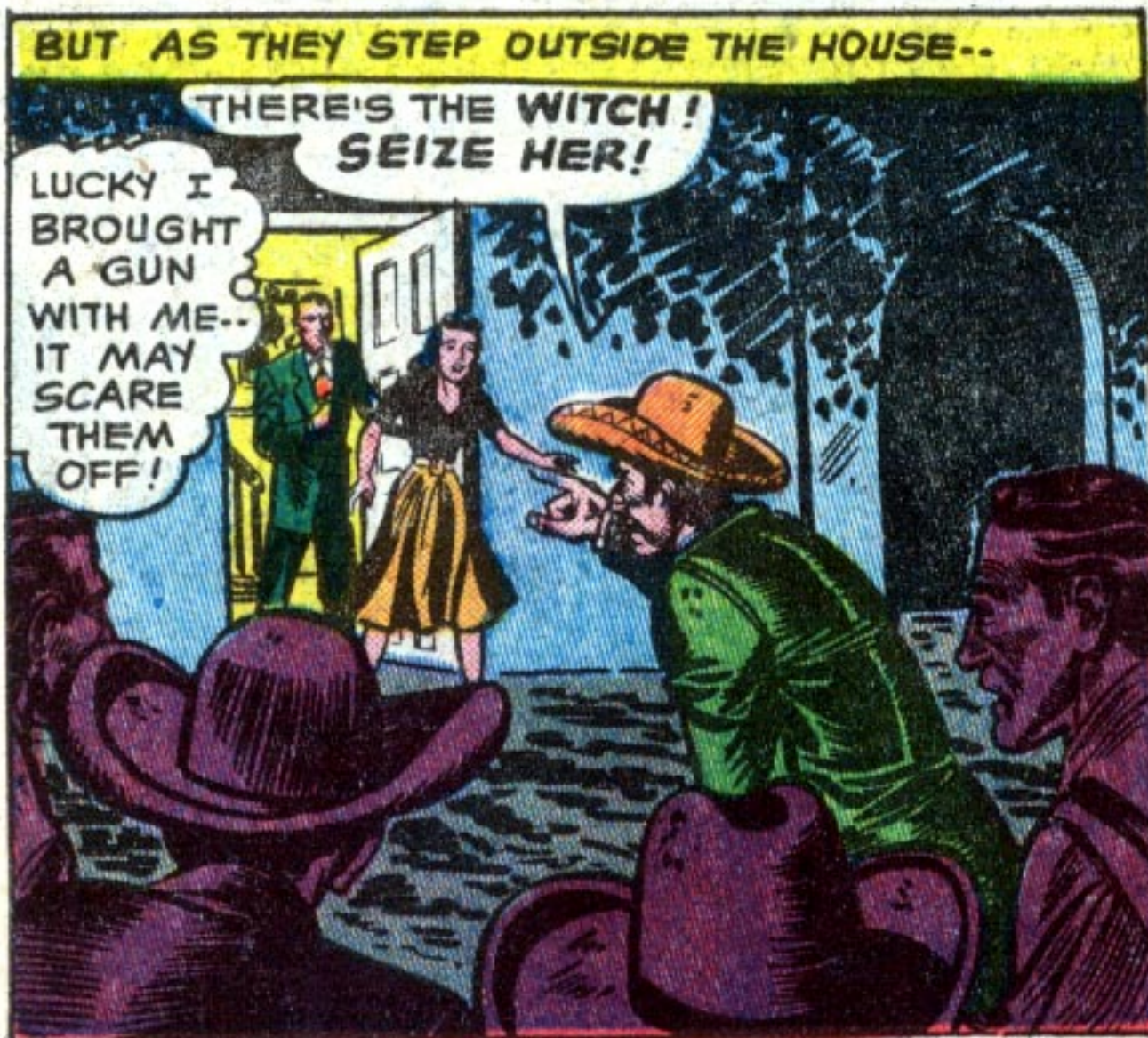


PEREZ IS DEAD.. BUT HIS DAUGHTER STILL LIVES! I SAY SHE IS A WITCH, AND STEEPED IN EVIL LIKE HER FATHER! SHE COMMANDS THE RANDEROS AND UNTIL SHE IS DEAD, NONE OF US ARE SAFE!



SHORTLY THEREAFTER, AT THE PEREZ RESIDENCE...





ON THE OPEN PAGE--

LISTEN TO THIS, MARIA! IT SAYS THAT THE FUMES OF A BURNING ZUTUP SHRUB HAVE THE POWER TO DRAW FORTH THE RANDEOS-- THAT THE EFFECT IS INSTANTANEOUS, AND ONE THING THEY CAN'T RESIST!

THE ZUTUP SHRUB? WHY, THERE'S SOME IN THE LAB!

HERE IT IS-- BUT WHAT DO YOU INTEND DOING?

SEEING YOUR FATHER'S GHOST HAS CHANGED MY WHOLE VIEWPOINT ABOUT THIS BUSINESS-- INCLUDING THE RANDEOS! I HAVE AN IDEA, BUT I'LL HAVE TO GO TO THE POLICE FIRST!

YOU WILL BE CAREFUL, GREG-- FOR MY SAKE?

YOU BET, MARIA! AND CHEER UP.. BECAUSE I'VE GOT AN IDEA WE'RE GOING TO WIN OUT!



LATER-- AT THE OFFICE OF THE LOCAL POLICE--

... BUT I TELL YOU, CHIEF, THIS IS THE ONLY WAY WE CAN LICK THIS MENACE!

WHAT YOU SAY IS RIDICULOUS, SEÑOR! FURTHERMORE, I SHOULD PUT YOU IN THE CALABOOSE FOR SHOOTING AT THE TOWNSPEOPLE! SUCH THINGS ARE AGAINST THE LAW, YOU KNOW!



THEN YOU REFUSE TO DO ANY THING?

THAT I DID NOT SAY! I SHALL MAKE OUT MY REPORT, SEND IT TO MY SUPERIOR, AND AWAIT INSTRUCTIONS! UNTIL THEN, I DO NOTHING!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE HOUSE--

LEAVE THE TRAY ON THE TABLE, AMANDO, AND REMEMBER-- LET ME KNOW THE MOMENT MR. MALLORY RETURNS!



THE GRISLY FORM LUNGES FORWARD... UNMINDFUL OF ITS VICTIM'S FEEBLE EFFORTS, OF HER STABBING CRY OF TERROR THAT RENDS THE AIR!

H-HELP!



A SHORT WHILE LATER--

HURRY! THEY HAVE TAKEN MARIA-- THE RANDEOS!



OKAY, FATSO, YOU HEARD IT! GIVE ME WHAT I ASKED FOR, OR I BREAK UP THE JOINT.. STARTING WITH YOU!

I-- I DO WHAT YOU SAY-- ONLY STOP CHOKING ME!

GET THIS, AMANDO, AND DON'T ASK QUESTIONS! GET A FIRE GOING IN THAT FIELD JUST OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE -- A BIG ONE! WE'LL JOIN YOU IN A FEW MINUTES-- NOW HURRY!



WHEN GREG GETS TO THE FIELD--

THAT STUFF YOU THROW IN THE FIRE.. IT MAKE MUCH BLACK SMOKE! WHAT YOU CALL IT?

IT'S THE ZUTUP SHRUB, PAL.. SUPPOSED TO DO FOR YOUR RANDEOS WHAT CATNIP DOES TO CATS! ANYWAY, WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!



CARRIED FORWARD BY A STRONG WIND, THE PUNGENT SMOKE ENTERS A DISMAL SWAMP... THE GRISLY ABODE OF THE VICIOUS RANDEOS!

EEYOWWWW!



QUICKLY THE FUMES INCREASE-- AND THE POTENT QUALITIES OF THE ZUTUP SHRUB HAVE AN IMMEDIATE EFFECT! SHRILL CRIES STAB THE AIR, AS THE MONSTROUS HORDE PLUNGES WILDLY TOWARD THE SOURCE OF THE STRANGE SMOKE!

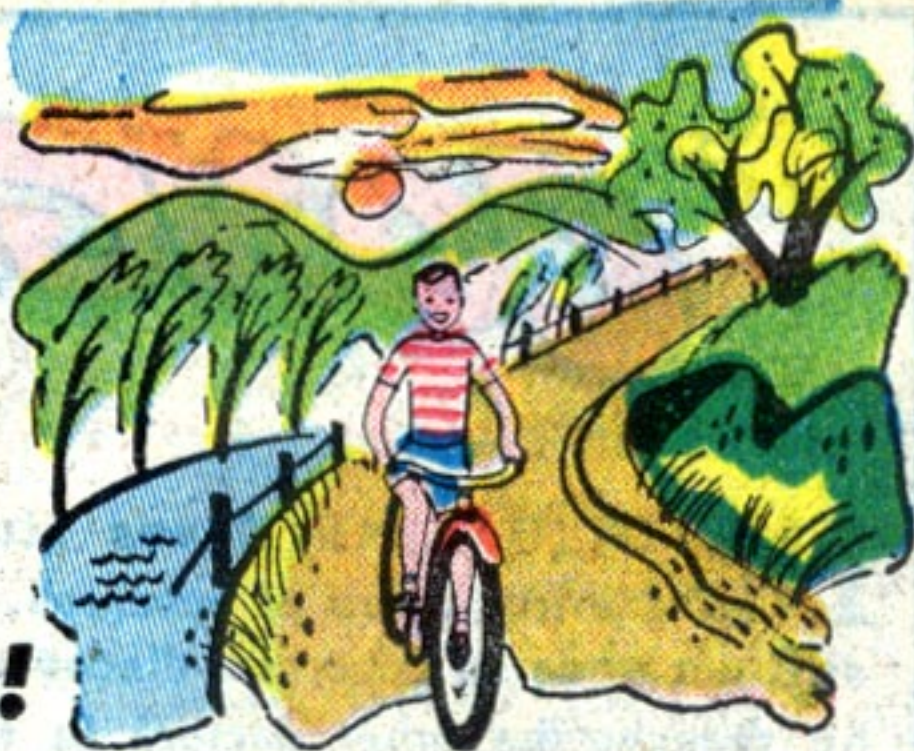


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The CONGO MOLD

DR. OTTO KRANTZ was bitter, for after thirty years of research, he had still not made an important discovery. But he thought the other doctors in the hospital to blame. They were suspicious of him, envious. Always his requests to test new drugs on human patients were denied. "Too dangerous," they said. "We can't take chances with human life." But Krantz thought, "They're jealous. They want to deprive me of the fame which I deserve."

Gazing almost hypnotically at the test tube he held in his hands, Dr. Krantz came to a decision. The test tube contained a most startling substance. It was a new drug, developed from a green earth mold sent to him by an eccentric ex-student from the Belgian Congo. The student had written him of the marvellous properties of the mold, how it was used by Congo witch-doctors to cure mysterious diseases, how frightful legends concerning its powers were rife in the still uncharted jungles of Africa.

Otto Krantz scoffed. He had analyzed the mold, and found it composed of rare earths, never before found together. He had extracted its ordinary properties, making its potency many times greater. Testing it in small doses upon rats and dogs his wildest hopes had been realized. All that remained now was to use it on a human patient, and become famous.

There was a young athlete dying of blood cancer whom he intended to use as a human guinea pig. What difference did it make? If the experiment failed...the patient would have died anyhow. The muscular young man grimaced in pain as the doctor entered the room. "I've come with a new drug," he whispered. "It may save you." The young man's eyes became clouded. "No," he gasped. "I've heard about you. I don't trust you. They

say you..." Dr. Krantz slapped his palm over the patient's mouth. "They're lying!" he said furiously. "Besides, what is your worthless life compared to a scientific experiment?"

The patient struggled feebly, but a hypodermic needle was in his arm, and Dr. Krantz emptied the contents. Almost instantly there was a violent shudder through the patient's body. Krantz stepped back in near amazement as the young man's face became flushed with color. "Lie down!" the doctor shouted. "You're not strong enough to..." But the patient had leaped out of bed, and as the drug took effect Krantz was horrified to see his human guinea pig's hands grow gnarled, with claws forming swiftly at the fingertips. An instant later his ears had developed points and the eye-teeth had grown to fangs.

"No! It's impossible!" Krantz roared. "Stay back!" But the creature had leaped at him, snarling inhumanly. The doctor bounded for the door, but to no avail, for powerful claws closed around his throat and spun him around, to look straight into the face of...A VAMPIRE! The wings were quite full now, as were the claws which were strangling away his life. But just before everything went black he saw the vampire's face twist in agony...as if it too were in its death throes.

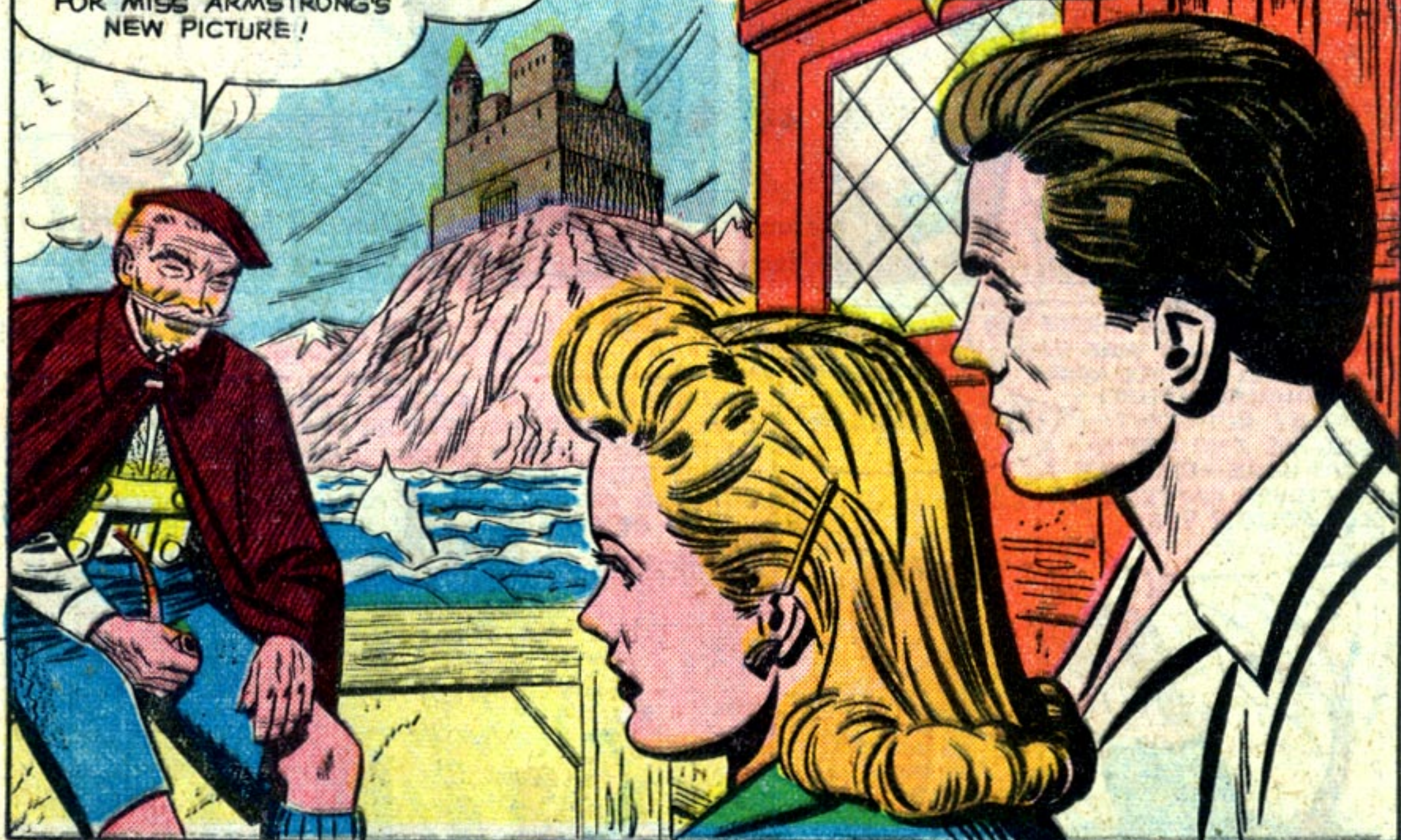
When the night nurse entered the room two hours later she came upon a grisly scene. The eccentric Dr. Otto Krantz was dead on the floor, with the patient's fingers still locked around his throat. No one could understand how the dying man had gotten the strength to get out of bed, let alone struggle anyone, but most baffling of all were the presence of claw and fang marks...on the doctor's throat.

WHEN A MAN CLINGING TO LIFE ENTERS THE ABODE OF TORMENT AND TERROR-- WHEN EVERY WRITHING GASP PRODUCES A NEW SPASM OF AGONY-- CAN HE FIND RELEASE IN THE VERY THING HE DREADS? ASK YOURSELF WHAT COURSE YOU WOULD CHOOSE-- IF HORROR UPON HORROR PROVED YOU WERE...

The **MAN** WHO **COULDN'T** **DIE**

YES, MR. GARRET-- I KNOW WHY YOU ARE LOOKING FOR A CASTLE! YOU ARE A MOVIE DIRECTOR-- AND YOU WANT AN HISTORICAL BACKGROUND FOR MISS ARMSTRONG'S NEW PICTURE!

OKAY, YOU UNDERSTAND THAT MUCH! NOW TELL ME WHY YOU'VE BEEN STEERING US AWAY FROM THAT PARTICULAR CASTLE!



IT IS NO STORY FOR TWO YOUNG PEOPLE LIKE YOU-- SO MUCH IN LOVE! THE WHOLE WORLD KNOWS YOU WILL BE MARRIED AS SOON AS THE PICTURE IS FINISHED-- AND YOU HAVE TOO MANY YEARS OF HAPPINESS AHEAD TO SEEK AFTER HORROR!

IF HE ONLY KNEW HOW MUCH I WANT TO HOLD ON TO EVERYTHING IN LIFE-- EVEN A FLEETING MOMENT OF TERROR! THERE'S A SHADY SECRET ABOUT THAT CASTLE-- AND I WANT TO LEARN IT!

WHAT'S UP THERE BEHIND THOSE ANCIENT WALLS? A FEW SKELETONS SPRAWLED IN THE MOAT-- OR A GHOST WAILING THROUGH THE MISTY TOWERS?

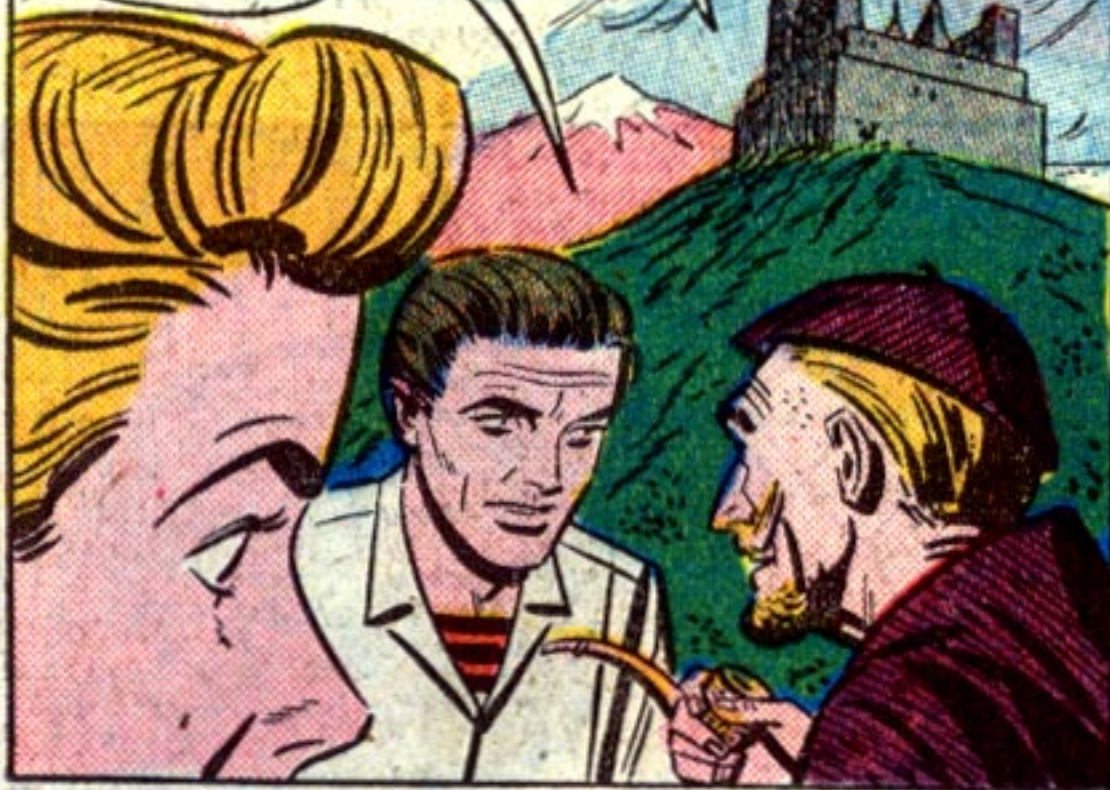
NEITHER GHOST NOR SKELETONS, MY FRIEND-- THEY AT LEAST WOULD BE THINGS THAT WERE ONCE HUMAN-- THE CASTLE HARBORS A THING-- A CREATURE-- THE PHANTOM OF A MAN WITHOUT A SOUL!

HE WAS A SORCERER-- WHO BUILT THE CASTLE IN THE MIDDLE AGES! HUMAN SUFFERING WAS THE INGREDIENT HE USED FOR HIS BLACK MAGIC-- AND SCORES OF VICTIMS ARE SAID TO HAVE KNOWN THE AGONIES OF SLOW DEATH IN THE MUFFLED CHAMBERS! NOW THE WIZARD'S GHOST KEEPS WATCH-- TEMPTING THOSE WHO WOULD ENTER INTO THE CASTLE WITH AN OFFER FEW HUMANS CAN RESIST-- THE PROMISE OF ETERNAL LIFE!



IT'S INCREDIBLE! DID IT EVER HAPPEN-- DO YOU KNOW OF ANYONE WHO'S LEARNED THE SECRET OF **DEFYING DEATH?**

WHAT MAN IN HIS RIGHT MIND WOULD RISK HIS **SOUL?** WE KEEP CLEAR OF THE CASTLE-- AND WE DO OUR BEST TO WARN ADVENTUROUS YOUNG FOOLS LIKE YOU!



LATE THAT NIGHT-- UNDER AN INKY SKY BLACK AS THE SHADOW OF DOOM--

I THOUGHT I'D BE ABLE TO SLIP AWAY-- **ALONE!** HOW CAN I EXPLAIN TO GINNY THAT I'M SUFFERING FROM AN UNKNOWN AILMENT-- AND THAT MY DOCTORS GIVE ME JUST A FEW MORE MONTHS TO LIVE? HOPING TO GAIN IMMORTALITY FROM A **PHANTOM** MAY BE A CRACKPOT IDEA-- BUT I'LL TRY **ANYTHING** TO ESCAPE DEATH-- NOW THAT IT'LL MEAN BEING CHEATED OF THE YEARS WE PLANNED TO SHARE TOGETHER!

NEIL-- WAIT!



NEIL, I WON'T ASK WHERE YOU WERE GOING-- IT WAS EASY ENOUGH TO SEE YOU WERE FASCINATED BY THAT CASTLE! BUT DON'T TELL ME I'VE GOT TO STAY HERE-- BECAUSE WHATEVER HAPPENS-- **I'LL FOLLOW YOU!**

OKAY, GINNY! MAYBE WE'LL BOTH REGRET IT-- BUT WE'LL GO **TOGETHER!**



A HALF-HOUR LATER -- WITH THE DARK WALLS CROUCHING LIKE A WAITING BEAST--

HOW IN HEAVEN CAN A PLACE LIKE **THIS** HOLD THE PROMISE OF ETERNAL LIFE -- WHEN EVERY STONE OOZES WITH THE ATMOSPHERE OF **DEATH!**

HONEY-- IT'S JUST YOUR IMAGINATION! IF YOU **COULD** SENSE THE PRESENCE OF DEATH-- MAYBE YOU'D UNDERSTAND WHY I CAME HERE!



IN A HALL CLUTCHED BY SPRAWLING DARKNESS--

13 BLACK CANDLES! THEY LOOK SINISTER, NEIL-- DON'T LIGHT THEM!

THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE HERE FOR, GINNY-- THEY WERE **MEANT** TO BE LIGHTED! LET'S TRY IT-- **AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!**

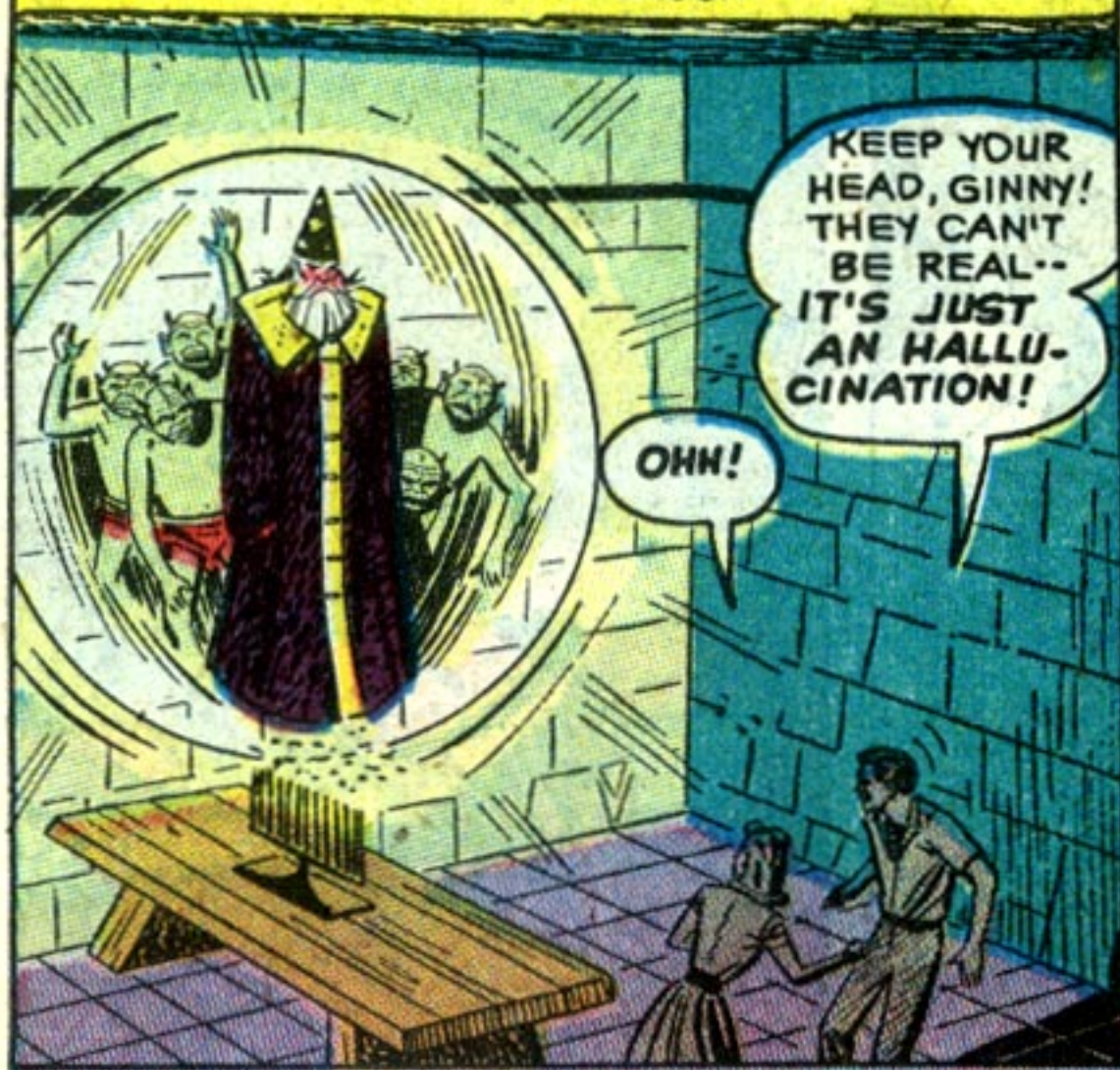


THIS DOES IT-- THE 13TH CANDLE'S BURNING! NEVER THOUGHT CANDLES COULD SHED SUCH A STRANGE BRIGHTNESS -- DID YOU?

CAN'T YOU SEE **WHY?** THE FLAMES ARE MOVING TOGETHER-- **MERGING INTO A SINGLE LUMINOUS MASS!**



THEN-- PULSING AND SHIMMERING AGAINST
THE RETREATING GLOOM--



KEEP YOUR
HEAD, GINNY!
THEY CAN'T
BE REAL--
IT'S JUST
AN HALLU-
CINATION!

OHH!

IN A FLASH THAT SPAWNS EVIL IN A WRITHING MASS--



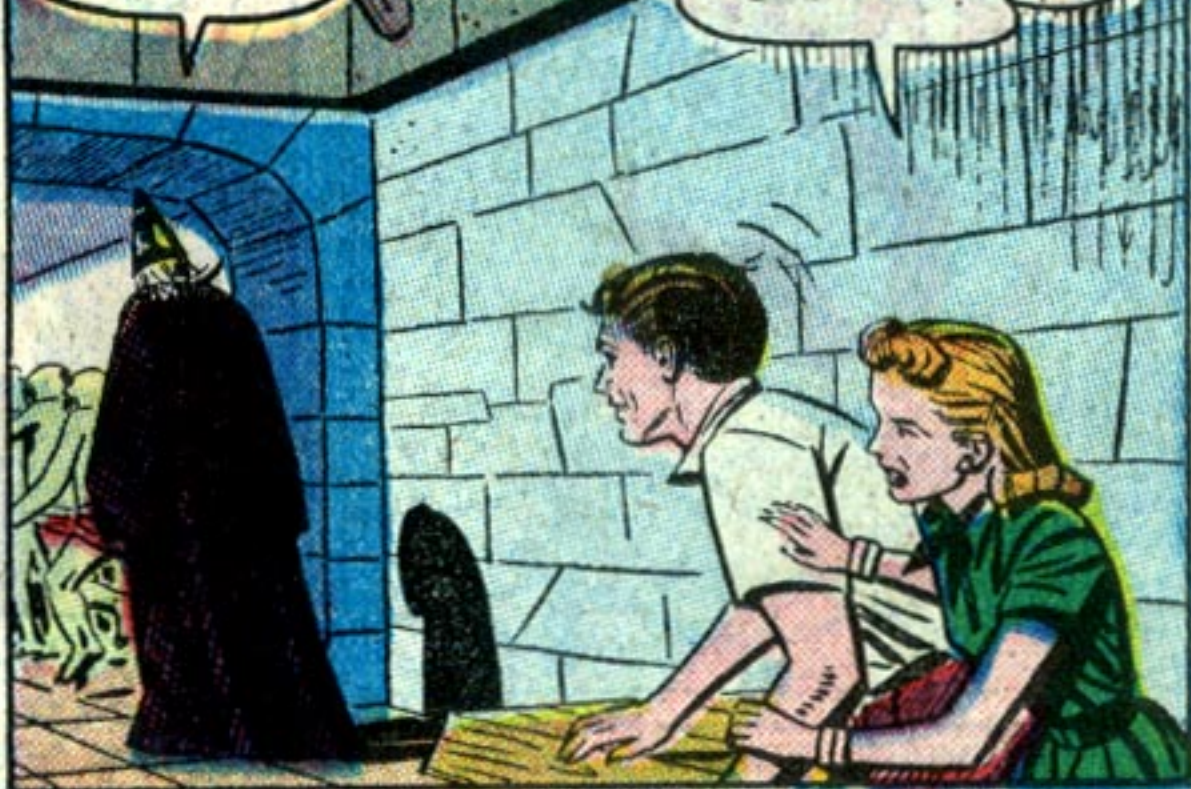
IT **ISN'T** AN
OPTICAL ILLUSION,
NEIL! THIS IS
THE THING WE
WERE WARNED
ABOUT-- **THE
SORCERER'S
PHANTOM--**
AND YOU'VE
RELEASED
IT!

AND SOMETHING **MORE!**
FROM THIS MOMENT, THE
CHARM WILL TAKE EFFECT--
AND NOTHING CAN UNSAY IT!
AS LONG AS MY TOMB
REMAINS UNDISTURBED,
HE WILL BE A MAN
WHO CANNOT DIE--
**HE WILL KNOW
ETERNAL LIFE!**



LET US RETURN--
**BACK TO THE
DEPTHS THAT
HEAR NO
LIVING
FOOTSTEPS!**

NEIL -- YOU CAN'T LET THEM
LEAVE! YOU'VE GOT TO
FIND OUT WHAT THIS MEANS
-- WHETHER YOU'LL HAVE
TO GIVE UP ANYTHING AS
YOUR END OF THE
BARGAIN!



IN A REMOTE CHAMBER -- ENCRUSTED
WITH BYGONE TERROR--



GREAT
GUNS--
LOOK!

I CAN STILL SEE THEIR
GLOWING FORMS--
RECEEDING FAR
BELOW! HEAVENS--
THIS PIT MUST BE
TERRIBLY DEEP!

A GOOD SIXTY
FEET! THAT'S
QUITE A
PLUNGE,
EH?



IT'LL BE A SHOCK TO GINNY-- BUT
HERE'S MY CHANCE TO **PROVE**
WHETHER I HAVE ETERNAL LIFE--
BY LEAPING INTO THE DEPTHS!
IF THE TEST FAILS, WELL AND
GOOD-- I'D RATHER DIE **NOW**
THAN FACE THE ANGUISH
OF WAITING!

GINNY--
I'VE GOT
TO DO IT!

NEIL--
DON'T!

FOR A SPLIT SECOND, THE PIT IS LIKE
A WHIRLPOOL-- ENGULFING SOMETHING
LOVED AND TREASURED-- AND THEN--

OHMM!

AT THE SAME INSTANT--

CRASH!

AAGHHHHH!

I'VE LIVED THROUGH
THAT PLUNGE-- BUT
WHAT'S HAPPENING
TO THE SORCERER?

THE SHUDDERING FIGURE FADES--
AND FROM FAR OFF-- MUFFLED
BY THE STIFLING GLOOM--

NEIL--
HELP
ME!
HELP
ME!

GINNY! I DON'T KNOW
HOW IT HAPPENED-- BUT
SHE'S DOWN HERE IN
THE DARKNESS--
SOMEWHERE!

TIME AND DISTANCE
SEEMED COILED IN AN
ENDLESS SPIRAL-- EACH
UNCOUNTED FOOTSTEP
MOCKED BY AN ECHO
QUAVERING INTO THE
LOST BEYOND--

I'VE GOT AN OVER-
WHELMING SENSATION
OF LIVING THROUGH AN
UNEARTHLY DREAM--
BUT I'M NOT GOING
TO WORRY ABOUT
MYSELF NOW!
GINNY NEEDS ME--
DESPERATELY-- AND
I'M BEING DRAWN
TOWARD HER!

GINNY!

DARLING--THEY'RE WAITING!
IT WILL BE A FRIGHTFUL
ORDEAL-- BUT FOR MY
SAKE-- YOU'VE GOT TO
LIVE THROUGH IT!



AS THE GLEAMING BLADES INCH CLOSER--

IT CAN'T HAPPEN-- THE SORCERER DIDN'T MENTION ANYTHING LIKE THIS! WHY DOESN'T HE COME-- AND FORCE THESE MONSTERS TO RELEASE ME?



AS THE MASSIVE HINGES SWING OPEN WITH AN ECHOING SHRIEK--

ALIVE-- AND IT'S A CURSE-- A CURSE THAT WON'T END!

NEIL-- DON'T YOU SEE YOU'VE GOT TO ENDURE IT? DON'T FAIL ME, DARLING-- DEATH ISN'T THE ANSWER!



THIS ISN'T REAL! IT'S A NIGHTMARE WITHOUT SUBSTANCE -- AND WHAT I FEEL IS ONLY A HORRIBLE ILLUSION-- SOMETHING... THAT CAN'T... HURT...



THEN-- WITH THE GRISLY RENDING OF STEEL AGAINST FLESH--

AAGHH!

LISTEN TO HIM-- THE MAN WHO CANNOT DIE!

HAA-- BUT HE CAN SUFFER!



HIS TORMENT IS JUST BEGINNING! TIE HIM DOWN-- AND LET HIM WRITHE ON THE RACK!

YOU WANT ME TO SUFFER -- WHY? HOW CAN YOU WATCH IT-- UNLESS YOU'RE IN LEAGUE WITH THEM?



BUT THEN--

NO! I CAN'T STAND IT-- NOT FOR ETERNITY-- NOT FOR ANOTHER INSTANT!

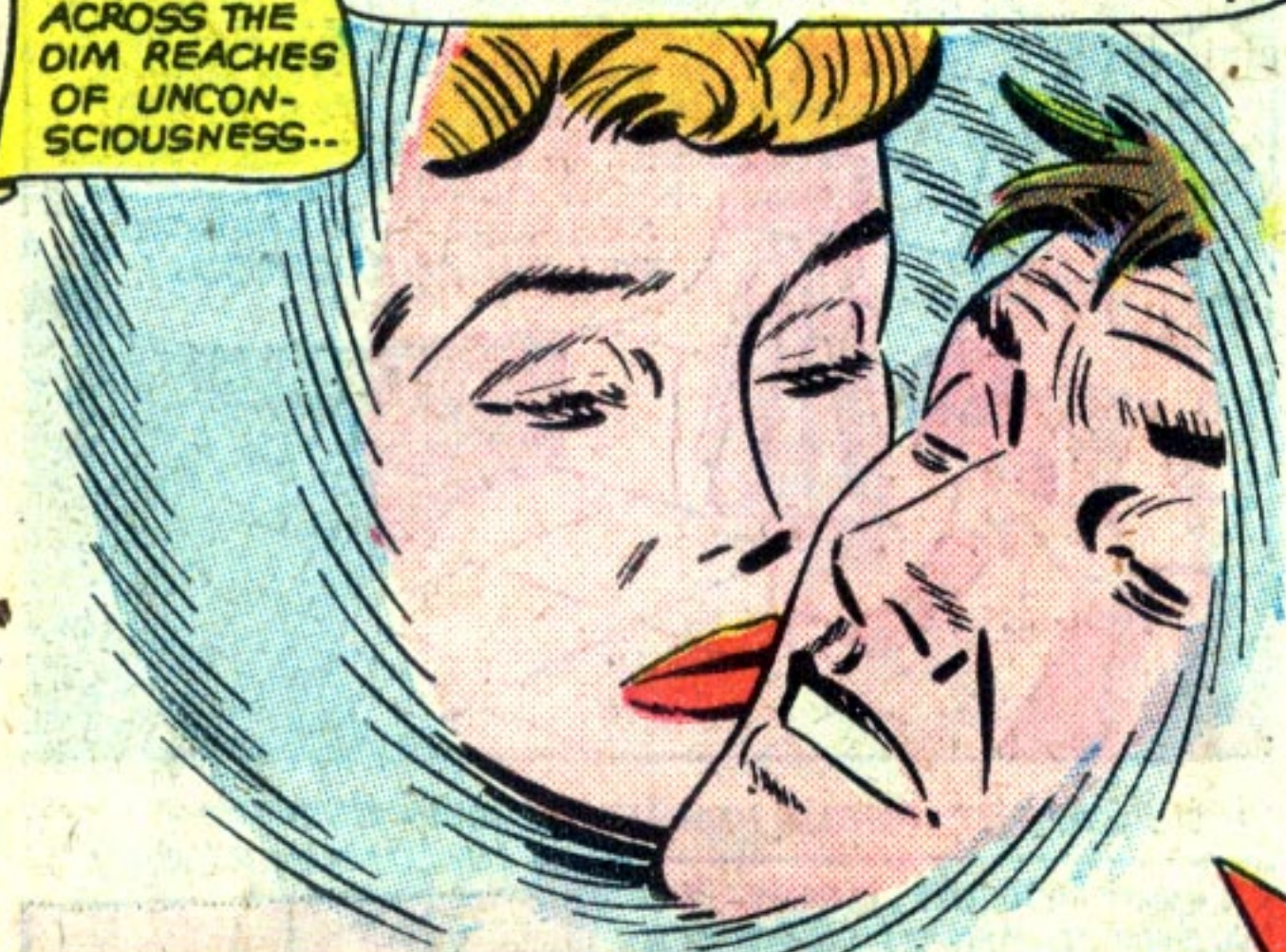


DIMLY-- A
VOICE THAT
VIBRATES
ACROSS THE
DIM REACHES
OF UNCON-
SCIOUSNESS--

DARLING-- I'VE BEEN HERE A LONG TIME!
NOW I'VE GOT TO LEAVE -- BUT I'LL BE
BACK TO HELP YOU -- I **PROMISE!**

THE TABLE
IS READY--
THE IN-
STRUMENTS
ARE READY!

NOW WILL COME THE
TEST OF WHAT HE
CAN LIVE THROUGH!



GINNY-- COME BACK!
CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT
THEY'RE GOING
TO DO TO ME?

NO, NEIL GARRET--
SHE WOULD NOT
WANT TO
WATCH!



NO-- NO--
FLESH AND
BLOOD CAN'T
TAKE--

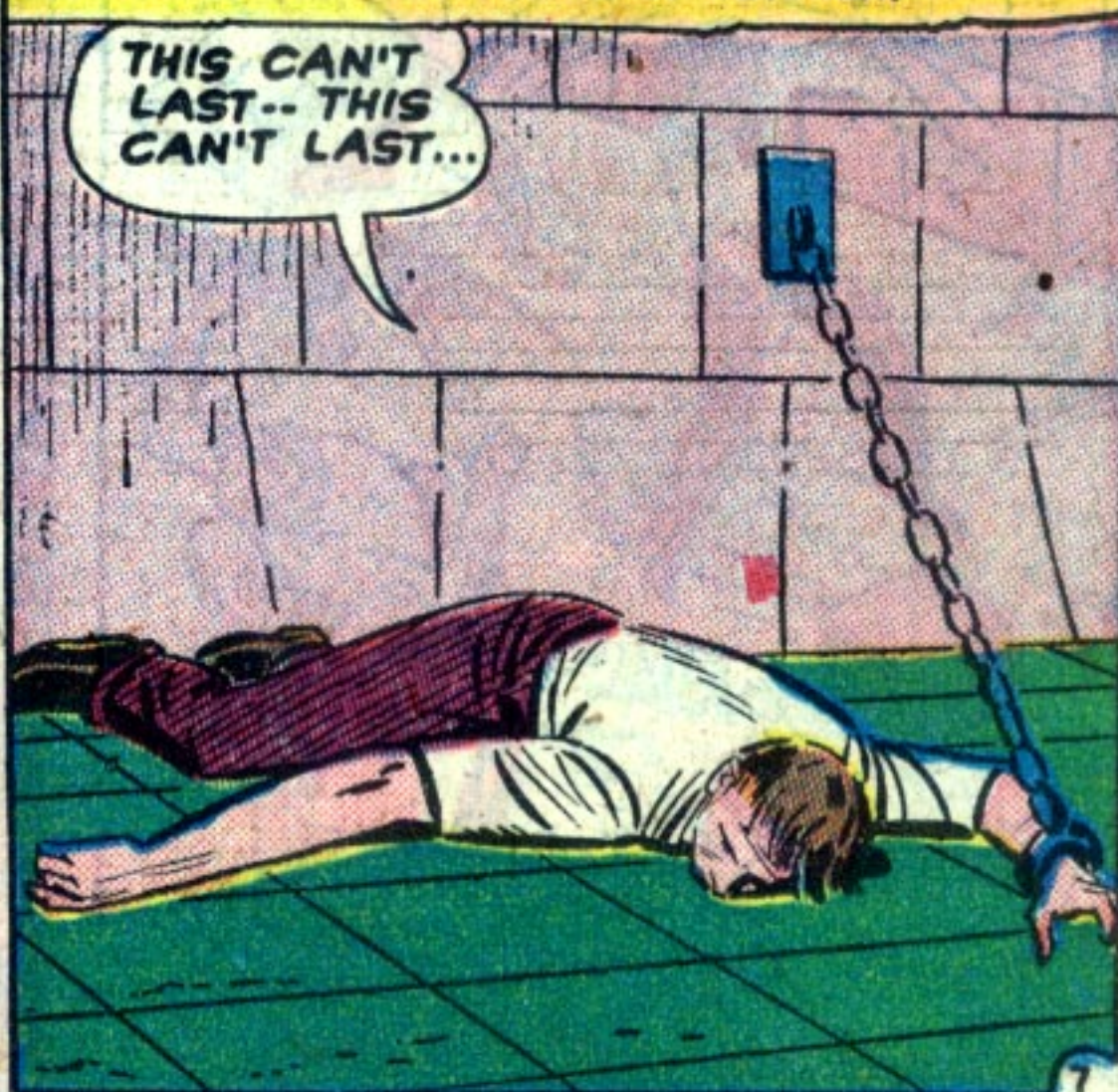


GLEAMING BLADES AND TALON, CLAW--
TILL JAGGED NERVES CAN STAND
NO MORE!



TIME FLOWS AND EBBS LIKE THE LAPPING OF
A STRICKEN SEA -- HOURS AND DAYS MERGING
INTO ONE UNENDING CYCLE OF TORMENT--

THIS CAN'T
LAST-- THIS
CAN'T LAST...





THEN-- ADVANCING LIKE A GREY BLUR BEFORE NEIL'S PAIN-GLAZED EYES--

WHO-- IS IT?
I SAID I'D COME BACK! DARLING-- CAN YOU HEAR ME?

AGAIN, TIME PASSES IN A VAGUE, UN-RECKONED SPIRAL-- AND SUDDENLY--

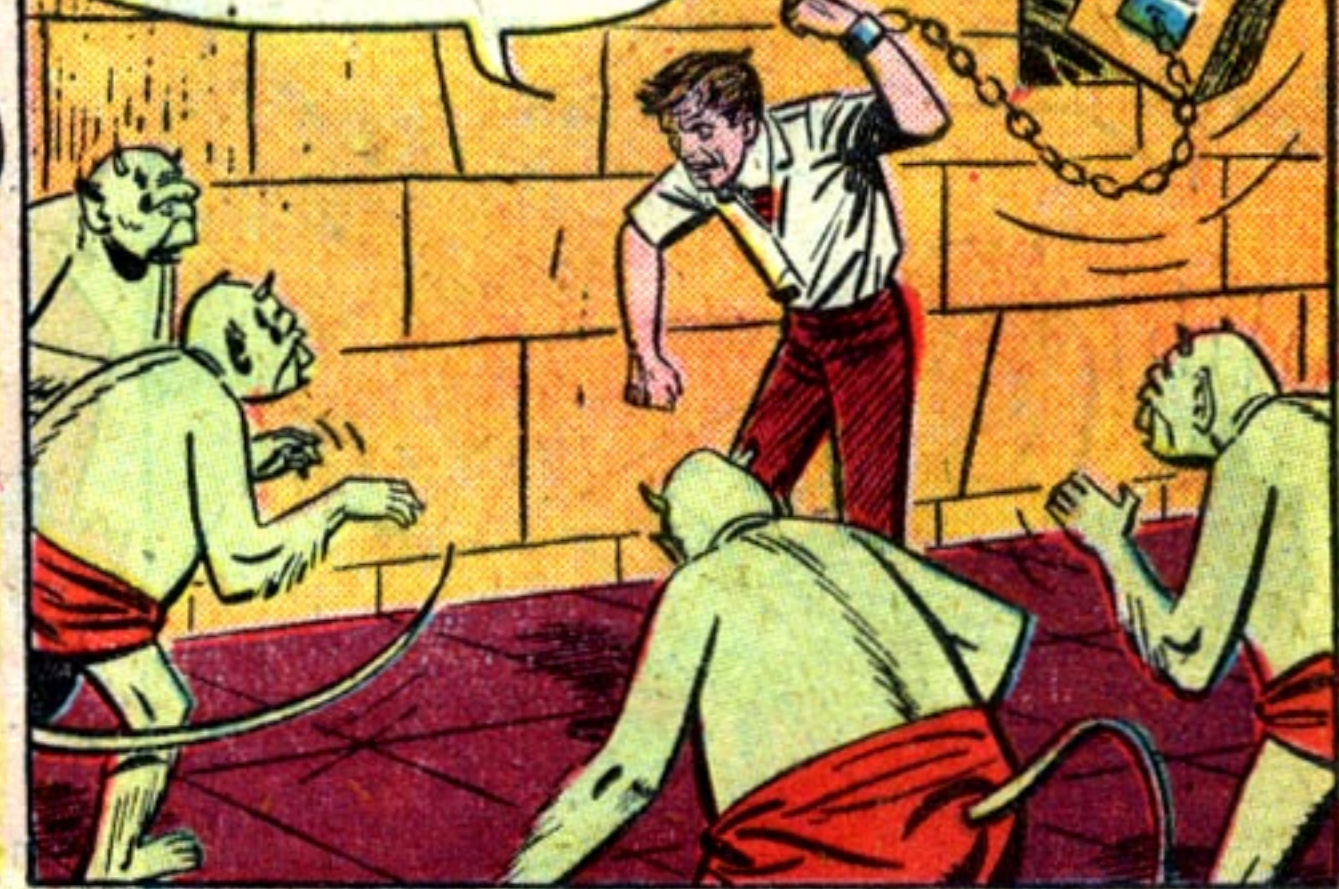
GREAT GUNS-- IT WORKED! I FEEL CHANGED, GINNY! THERE'S A STRANGE POWER COURSEING THROUGH MY ENTIRE BODY!
LOOK! I HOPED FOR A LITTLE MORE TIME-- BUT THEY'RE COMING!



GINNY!
TAKE THIS-- QUICKLY! I'VE MANAGED TO SLIP PAST THEM-- WE'RE TAKING A TERRIBLE RISK-- BUT I HAD TO DO SOMETHING! MAYBE IT WON'T WORK-- THEN HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO YOU! BUT IF IT DOES HELP-- WE'LL KNOW ALMOST IMMEDIATELY-- BECAUSE THE EFFECTS WILL BE MIRACULOUS!

NEIL GARRET FEELS HIMSELF RISE-- REBORN-- UNCONQUERABLE!

DON'T WORRY, GINNY-- I WANT THEM TO COME! I WANT THEM TO SEE THE RESULT OF WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO ME!



IN A RAGING TIDE OF FURY--



THEN-- SWEEPING THROUGH THE DEN OF A THOUSAND AGONIES--



YOU FIENDS-- THE NIGHTMARE'S OVER! I'M COMING OUT OF IT-- DO YOU HEAR ME?



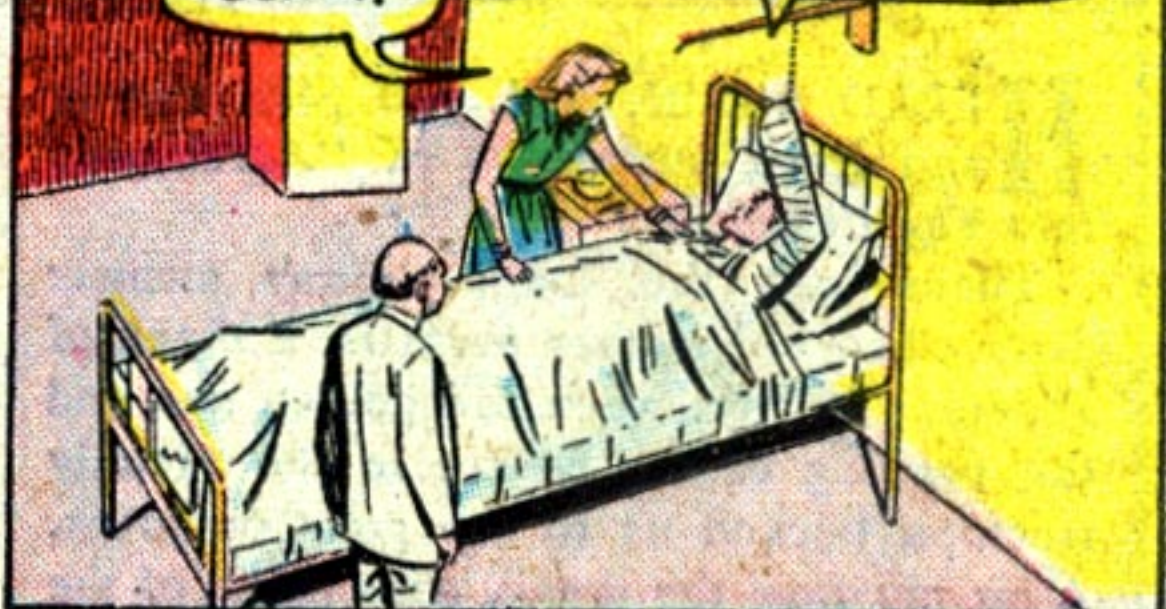
IT'S OVER, GINNY.. ALL THE PAIN AND TORTURE I'VE BEEN THROUGH! **THIS** IS THE RELEASE I'VE WAITED FOR-- NOW I CAN DIE!

DARLING-- DON'T YOU REALIZE IT'S ALL CHANGED? **YOU'RE GOING TO LIVE!**

FOR A SECOND, NEIL FEELS THE GIDDY SENSATION OF A SPACELESS PLUNGE -- AND WHEN HE OPENS HIS EYES --

YOU'RE GOING TO LIVE, NEIL -- YOU'VE COME OUT OF YOUR COMA!

COMA! GOOD LORD, GINNY.. HAVE I BEEN HERE ALL THIS TIME-- IN A HOSPITAL?



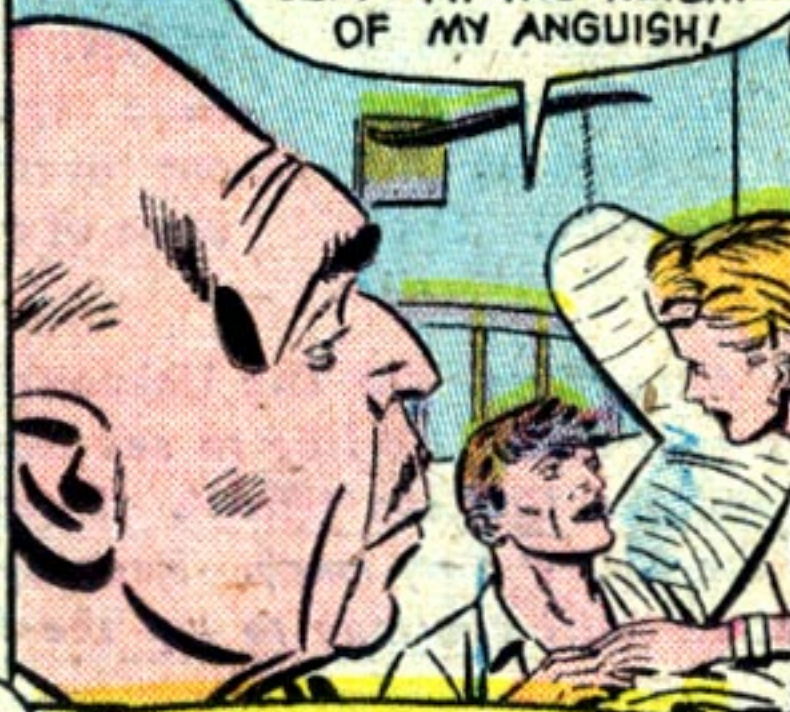
IT'S INCREDIBLE! THAT HORROR I WENT THROUGH WAS VIVID-- I FELT IT-- HOW COULD IT HAVE BEEN IMAGINARY!

YOU MENTIONED THOSE TORTURES OVER AND OVER, GARRET-- AT THE HEIGHT OF YOUR DELIRIUM! BUT WHAT YOUR FEVERED MIND INTERPRETED AS THE IRON MAIDEN WAS ACTUALLY A SERIES OF PLASMA INJECTIONS! THE TRACTION SPLINT ON YOUR ARM GAVE YOU A HORRIBLE IMPRESSION OF THE RACK-- AND THE PAIN OF SLASHING INSTRUMENTS CAME DURING THE OPERATION THAT SAVED YOUR LIFE!

IN A WAY-- YOUR FALL INTO THAT PIT WAS A GODSEND! YOUR INJURIES REQUIRED SURGERY-- AND THAT DISCLOSED THE CONDITION THAT HAD BEEN ENDANGERING YOUR LIFE-- SOMETHING THAT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED WITHOUT AN OPERATION!

BUT IF EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED AFTER MY PLUNGE WASN'T REAL -- HOW COME YOU WERE THERE, GINNY! I'M SURE YOU WERE-- I CAN EVEN REMEMBER WHEN YOU LEFT-- AT THE HEIGHT OF MY ANGUISH!

NEIL, I STRUCK MY HEAD WHEN I FAINTED IN THE CASTLE -- AND FOR A FEW MOMENTS, I WAS UNCONSCIOUS, TOO-- **RIGHT HERE IN THE HOSPITAL!** WHEN I WAS WELL ENOUGH TO LEAVE-- YOU BEGGED ME OVER AND OVER AGAIN TO STAY WITH YOU! AS FOR THAT CAPSULE -- IT WAS AN EXPERIMENTAL DRUG THE DOCTORS WOULDN'T RISK TRYING! AFTER HEARING THEM MENTION IT, I SLIPPED INTO THE HOSPITAL LAB -- AND THANK GOODNESS IT WAS THE VERY MIRACLE DRUG YOU NEEDED!



AFTER THE DOCTOR LEAVES--

HONEY-- WE KNOW WHAT HAPPENED IN THE CASTLE BEFORE I LEAPED INTO THE PIT! WHAT ABOUT THE SORCERER AND HIS EVIL PROMISES-- DOOMING ME TO BE THE MAN WHO COULDN'T DIE!

DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT ELSE THE SORCERER SAID -- THAT THE CURSE WOULD HOLD ONLY AS LONG AS HIS TOMB REMAINED UNDISTURBED? NEIL, YOU SMASHED A COFFIN WHEN YOU LANDED IN THE PIT -- AND WHEN THE RESCUE PARTY FOUND YOU -- YOU WERE LYING NEAR A SKELETON! IT WAS PIERCED BY THE SILVER SPIKE THAT HAD BEEN DRIVEN INTO THE SORCERER'S HEART 500 YEARS AGO!

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER--

WHAT A SURPRISE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MR. GARRET-- LOOKING SO WONDERFUL! WHEN WE LAST SPOKE, YOUR EYES HAD A HAUNTED EXPRESSION -- AS IF YOU WERE ON THE VERGE OF A DARK AND TERRIBLE FUTURE!

I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU SEE A DIFFERENT KIND OF FUTURE THIS TIME, POP-- **BECAUSE GINNY AND I WERE MARRIED THIS MORNING!**



THE END



HELLO AGAIN, ALL you good friends and loyal supporters of "Adventures Into The Unknown"!

These are the long, drowsy summer days when old mother earth is a place of sheerest beauty; when the golden sun and the rustling of the breeze in the friendly treetops beckon us to the great outdoors. A far cry from the dread, dark realm of the supernatural, one would say...and rightly so! But the denizens of the *Unknown* are merely biding their time. For day gives way to night. The dusky, brooding shadows gather...a pallid and ghastly moon rides high, eerily reflecting the black wings of bats. What had been a soft and gentle breeze now becomes a wind moaning with the plaint of lost spirits, wailing like a banshee. The witching hour nears...and ghosts are abroad!

This is our time of day...the weird background against which we stage the strange stories that have made "Adventures Into The Unknown" famous throughout the length and breadth of the nation. Such

stories, for instance, as you'll find in the present issue! Let's take "The Randero Horde", one of the most sensational plots ever published. It's jam-packed with little-known facts and deals with a supernatural menace you'll long remember. Then, there's "The Man Who Couldn't Die", a strange and captivating story that will leave you breathless. "Lady of Death" is a thrilling account from beyond the grave itself...and "The Curse of The Satania" is a weird piece which should hold you spellbound.

Tops for midsummer thrills, we'd call this issue. But its success depends on you, and what you think of it. We'd like to hear from you...hear what story you'd like best, what you'd like us to feature in future issues. Address your letter to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown", 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. We'll print your letter if we have space! Meanwhile, let's dip into our overflowing mail bag, and see what some of our other readers think!

"Dear Editor:-

The stories in 'Adventures Into The Unknown' are superior to any others. They're the best I've ever read! I'd like to see more 'true' supernatural stories such as 'Napoleon and the Crimson Spirit'. I enjoyed 'Werewolf Valley' and 'The Ghouls Behind the Glass' very much. Keep up the good work, and 'Adventures Into The Unknown' will continue to top the list as my favorite book. A loyal fan,

--Le Roy Bradwish, White Lake, S. D."

"Dear Editor:-

This is to tell you how much I enjoy 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. The April issue was the second I'd read, and it pleased me no end. My favorites were 'Werewolf Valley' and 'The Thing Without A Face'. Your story, 'Napoleon and the Crimson Spirit' caught my interest, and also that of my English teacher. Is the story based on a legend? Yesterday, I bought a copy of your May issue, which I thought was very good. My girlfriend enjoyed 'The Devil's Pact', while I liked that one plus 'The Mask of Mumbo' and 'Wail of the Werewolf'. I'm looking forward to reading many more copies of your excellent magazine.

--Doris Tannenbaum, Anderson School, Staatsburg, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:-

I've just read your May issue and think it's great! I'm collecting every issue you've published, and have enjoyed every spine-tingling story. All ACG comics are my favorites, and I hope you never quit publishing them.

--Dev McClatchey, Atlanta, Ga."

"True" SUPERNATURAL MYSTERIES

THE SPECTACULAR EVENTS SURROUNDING THE TRIAL OF CLEM CHESTERTON HAVE LONG FASCINATED STUDENTS OF THE SUPERNATURAL! THE STORY WHICH HAS COME TO BE KNOWN AS DEATH OF A JURY, BEGAN IN AN ENGLISH COURTROOM --- 1833 ---

WE, THE JURY, FIND THE DEFENDANT GUILTY OF MURDER AS CHARGED!

IT'S A FRAMEUP! HE'S INNOCENT!

THERE WASN'T A SHRED OF REAL EVIDENCE!



DO YOU, CLEM CHESTERTON, HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY BEFORE SENTENCE IS PASSED UPON YOU?

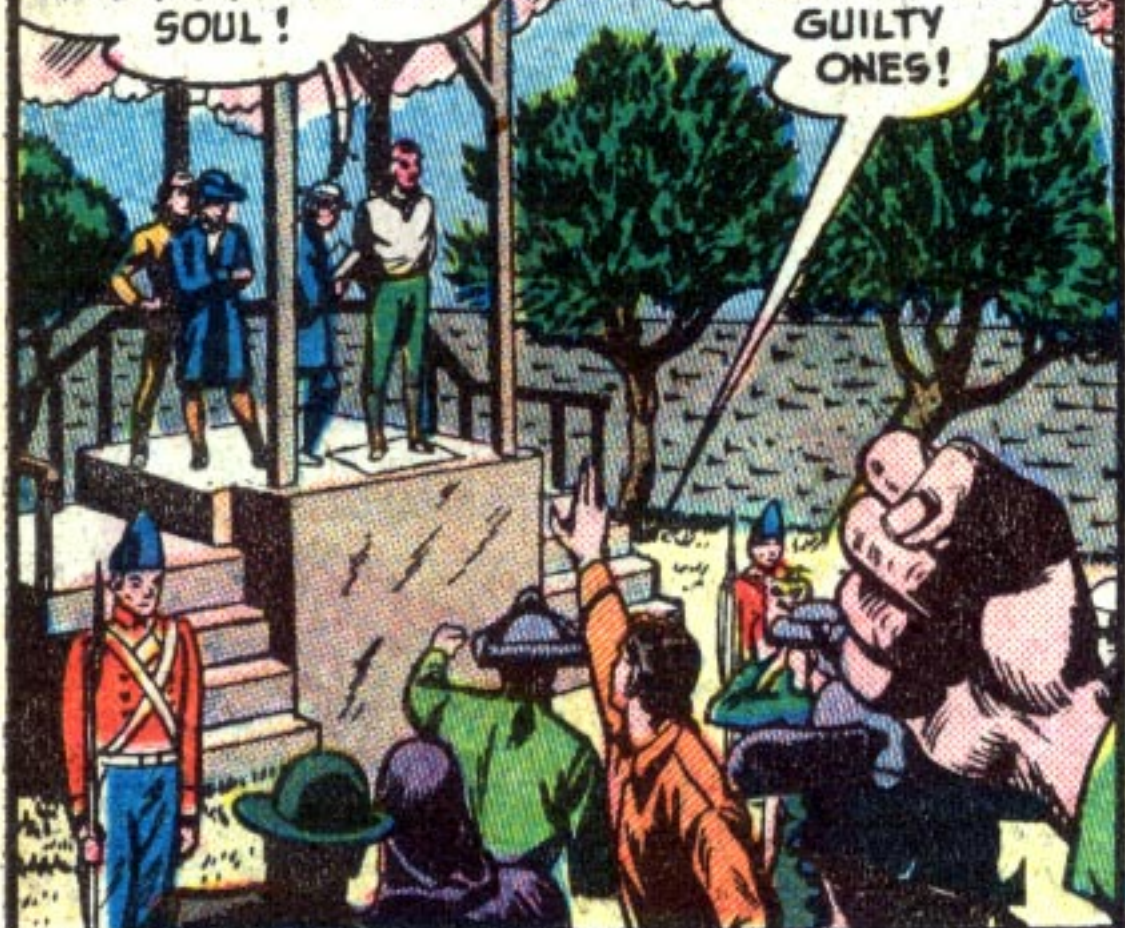
I AM INNOCENT... AS THE JURY WELL KNOWS! THEY'RE MADE UP OF MY COMPETITORS, WHO WANT TO GET RID OF ME BECAUSE OF MY BUSINESS SUCCESS AGAINST THEM! BUT THEY'LL PAY FOR THIS! I SWEAR TO COME BACK FROM THE GRAVE AND REVENGE MYSELF ON EVERY ONE OF MY MURDERERS!



THE DAY OF EXECUTION CAME...

IT'S A CRIME, I TELL YOU! THE JURY... THEY'RE THE GUILTY ONES!

...AND MAY THE LORD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOUL!



DAYS LATER, AT THE HOME OF TWO BROTHERS WHO HAD BEEN JURY MEMBERS...

YOU FOOLS! I TOLD YOU NEVER TO COME HERE!

BUT YOU HAVEN'T PAID US ALL THE MONEY YOU PROMISED FOR FRAMIN' CHESTERTON!

YOU'VE GOTTEN ENOUGH... NOT ONE SHILLING MORE!



ALL RIGHT, THEN --- WE'LL TEACH YOU TO HOLD OUT ON US!

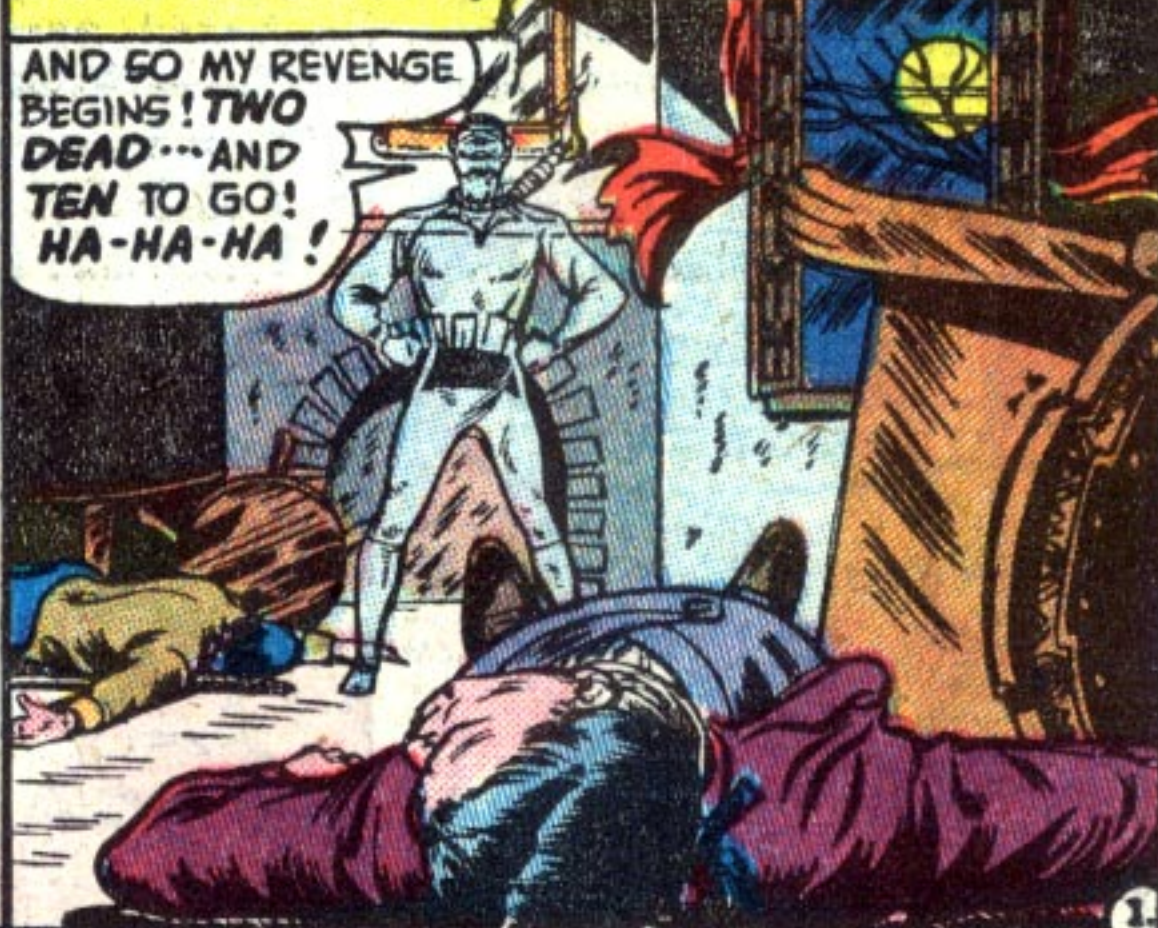
LET... ME --- GO... AARGH!

WE'RE IN THE CLEAR --- THERE'LL BE NO WITNESSES TO THIS!



BUT WERE THERE NO WITNESSES? FOR WHEN THE CUTTHROATS WERE FINALLY CAUGHT, BOTH SWORE THAT A GHOSTLY LAUGH HAD PURSUED THEM OUT OF THE HOUSE OF DEATH... A LAUGH WHICH SEEMED TO COME FROM THE BEYOND!

AND SO MY REVENGE BEGINS! TWO DEAD... AND TEN TO GO! HA-HA-HA!



WORD TRAVELS FAST IN A SUPERSTITIOUS COUNTRYSIDE! QUICKLY THE OTHER JURORS LEARNED OF THE VIOLENT DEATHS OF TWO OF THEIR NUMBER, BUT THE INCIDENT WAS THOUGHT A MERE COINCIDENCE! BUT SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

OVER YOU GO, BESSIE! THIS JUMP IS... OH-NH!

THREE...AND NINE TO GO! HA-HA!

WHAM!

HE...HE'S DEAD! IT WAS AN EASY JUMP...I COULD HAVE SWORN SOMETHING REEMED TO REACH UP AND TRIP THE HORSE!

YES, AND...I...I ALMOST THOUGHT I HEARD A... LAUGH! THERE IT IS AGAIN!

HA-HA!

COINCIDENCE? PERHAPS! BUT IN THE FOLLOWING MONTHS, UNDER THE ACCUMULATED EVIDENCE OF A SERIES OF FATAL "ACCIDENTS," ALL OF ENGLAND WAS ROUSED...AS THE CURSE OF CLEM CHESTERTON RAN ITS GHASTLY COURSE!

PERHAPS, AS MANY INSISTED, THE DEATH OF SIR GEORGE HARTLEY WAS AN ACCIDENT...

GEORGE! LOOK OUT... THAT STONE!

ACCIDENT? WHAT OF THE SUDDEN DEATH OF RICHARD SYDNEY, A STRONG SWIMMER SUDDENLY PULLED DOWN FROM BELOW... AS IF BY A GHOSTLY HAND?

THEN CAME THE UNEXPECTED SNAPPING OF A ROPE, WHICH UPON EXAMINATION APPEARED TO HAVE BEEN SNIPPED... AS WITH A SHEARS!

GREAT SCOTT! HE'S FALLING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN!

AND THEN...THE MYSTERIOUS FIRE WHICH GUTTED COLLINGWOOD MANOR...

IS EVERYBODY OUT SAFELY?

EVERYBODY BUT COLLINGWOOD...HE'S TRAPPED!

SEVEN OF THE ORIGINAL JURY WERE DEAD...AND THE REMAINING FIVE GATHERED NERVOUSLY TO PLAN A DEFENSE AGAINST A GHOSTLY ADVERSARY!

WE'LL SCATTER TO THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE... THAT WAY HE'LL NEVER FIND US!

THAT'S THE BEST WAY! LET'S DRINK THIS TOAST TO OUR SUCCESS! WE'LL DEFEAT CLEM CHESTERTON YET!

WHY DID EACH FEEL A CHILL ALONG HIS SPINE, LIKE THE GRISLY TOUCH OF DEATH, AS THE SPOKESMAN SAID...

DRINK HEARTLY, GENTLEMEN... FOR THIS IS THE LAST DRINK WE'LL HAVE TOGETHER!

BUT AS THE LIQUID PASSED THEIR LIPS, SUDDENLY, CLEARLY AND DISTINCTLY...

HA-HA! MY ENEMIES... I HAVE WON!

TH-THAT LAUGH! MY THROAT... YAAH!

POISON! SOMEBODY PUT POISON...

AND WHEN, HOURS LATER, THEIR CORPSES WERE FOUND, THERE WERE THOSE WHO SAID THAT WHEN THEY FOUND CLEM CHESTERTON GUILTY AT THE TRIAL, THEY HAD IN FACT PRONOUNCED THEIR OWN DOOM, FOR THE VERDICT HAD MEANT... DEATH OF A JURY!

THE END 2

LADY of DEATH



GOOD WORK, MY DEAR! NOW, INTO THE CAR WITH HIM!

THE CONCEITED FOOL, THINKING I WAS ATTRACTED TO HIM! HE'LL DESERVE WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO HIM!

AT THE SAME SPOT, TWENTY FOUR HOURS LATER...

WAKE HIM UP, JOE...AND SEND THE OLD MAN ON HIS WAY!

THERE'LL BE NO WAKING HIM, MAC...THIS IS A JOB FOR THE CORONER! HE'S DEAD!

A SOCIETY PLAYBOY VANISHES... AN UNIDENTIFIED HOBO IS FOUND DEAD IN AN ALLEY...TWO UNRELATED EVENTS IN THE VIOLENT NIGHT-LIFE OF A BIG CITY! BUT IS THAT ALL...OR IS THERE A DANGER ABROAD THAT MOCKS THE HELPLESS GUARDIANS OF MAN-MADE LAW...A GRIM TERROR STRIKING FROM THE UNFATHOMABLE REACHES OF THE UNKNOWN?

AT THE CITY MORGUE...

NO USE TRYING TO IDENTIFY THE OLD TRAMP, DAN...WE PICK UP A DOZEN LIKE HIM EVERY WEEK! BUT THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THAT PLAYBOY VAN CLEVE HAS GOT THE COMMISSIONER UP IN THE AIR! DROP EVERYTHING AND GET BUSY ON IT!

LATER, IN THE OFFICES OF "THE DAILY CLARION"...

THIS IS THE SECOND DATE YOU'VE BROKEN THIS WEEK, DAN... ARE YOU SURE ALL THIS NIGHT WORK IS STRICTLY BUSINESS?

SO HELP ME, NANCY...IT'S ORDERS! THIS CITY HAS THE HIGHEST NUMBER OF UNSOLVED DISAPPEARANCES IN THE COUNTRY...AND THE LATEST ONE MISSING, THIS FELLOW VAN CLEVE, IS A NEPHEW OF THE MAYOR!

THEN, AS DAN PAINSTAKINGLY CHECKED THE LAST KNOWN WHEREABOUTS OF VAN CLEVE...

YEAH, HE WAS ALONE! LEFT HERE, COLD SOBER, BEFORE MIDNIGHT! SAID SHE WAS GOING RIGHT HOME!

CAN'T BE SURE, BUT I THINK IT WAS HIM CAME BY HERE ABOUT MIDNIGHT...HE HAD A YOUNG LADY WITH HIM!



LATE THAT NIGHT...

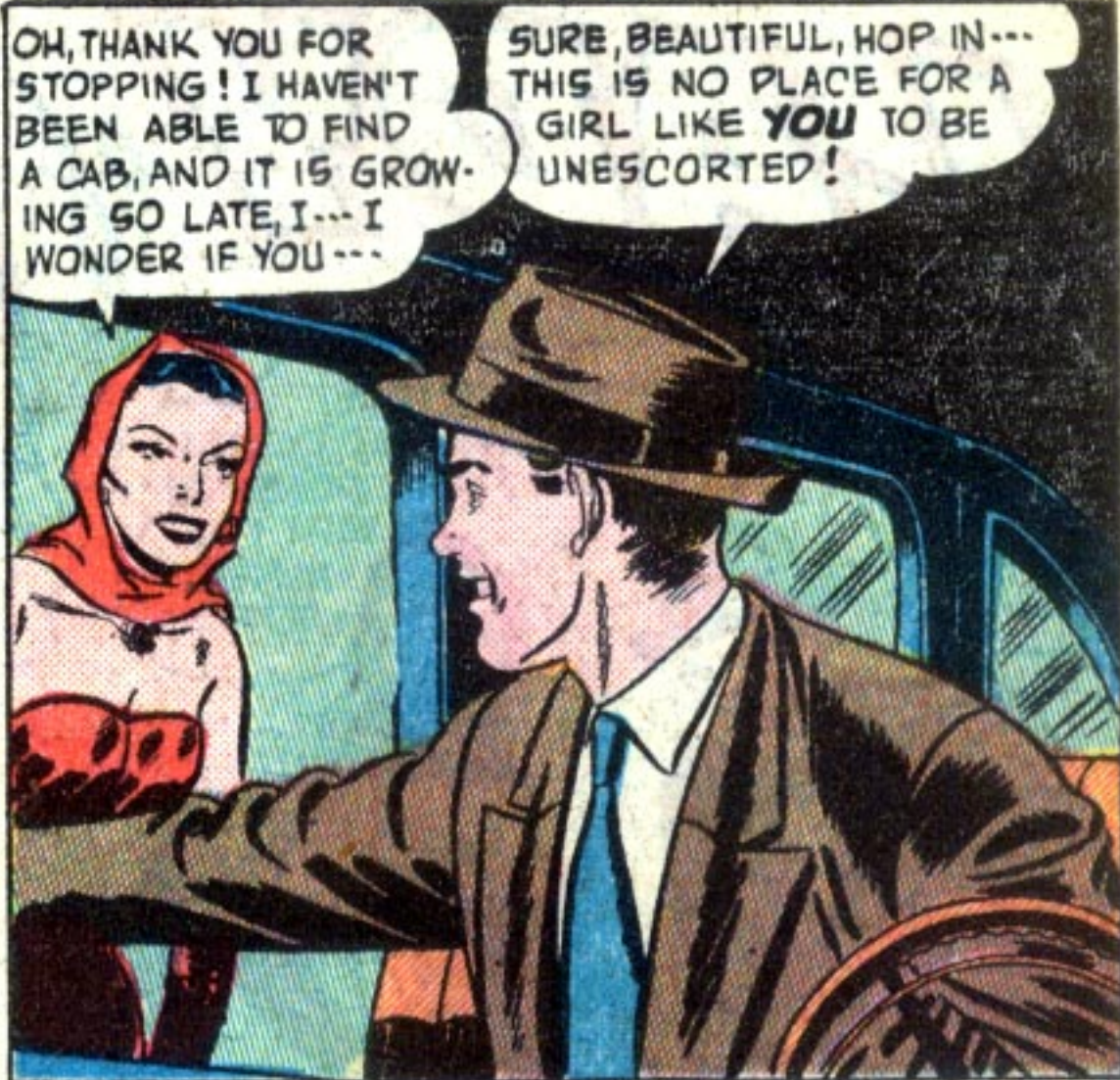
IT'S HOPELESS! I'VE CHECKED EVERY POSSIBLE LEAD, BUT AFTER THE TIME THAT NEWSDEALER SAW HIM, HE SEEMS TO HAVE JUST **VANISHED!** JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS!

HELLO... WHAT'S THIS?



OH, THANK YOU FOR STOPPING! I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND A CAB, AND IT IS GROWING SO LATE, I... I WONDER IF YOU...

SURE, BEAUTIFUL, HOP IN... THIS IS NO PLACE FOR A GIRL LIKE **YOU** TO BE UNESCORTED!



WOW...WHAT A KNOCKOUT! BUT THERE'S SOMETHING VERY **STRANGE** ABOUT HER! I THINK I'LL FIND OUT WHO SHE IS...AND WHAT SHE WAS DOING ALONE IN **THAT** PART OF TOWN!

YOU LOOK CHILLY...LET'S STOP HERE FOR SOME COFFEE, MISS...ER...AH...

JUST CALL ME **DRUSILLA!** STOP IF YOU WISH...BUT THEN YOU MUST TAKE ME HOME!



SOON AFTERWARDS...

YOU HAVEN'T **TOUCHED** YOUR COFFEE...WOULD YOU PREFER SOMETHING ELSE?

NO, THANK YOU, DAN... YOU ARE VERY KIND... REALLY QUITE GENTLEMANLY AND CHARMING...FOR A MAN OF **YOUR** GENERATION!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN... "A MAN OF **MY** GENERATION"! YOU SOUND LIKE MY GRANDMOTHER, AND YOU CAN'T BE MORE THAN TWENTY!

YOU ARE GALLANT, SIR! BUT LISTEN, THEY'RE PLAYING A WALTZ...IT'S BEEN **GENERATIONS** SINCE I FELT LIKE DANCING!



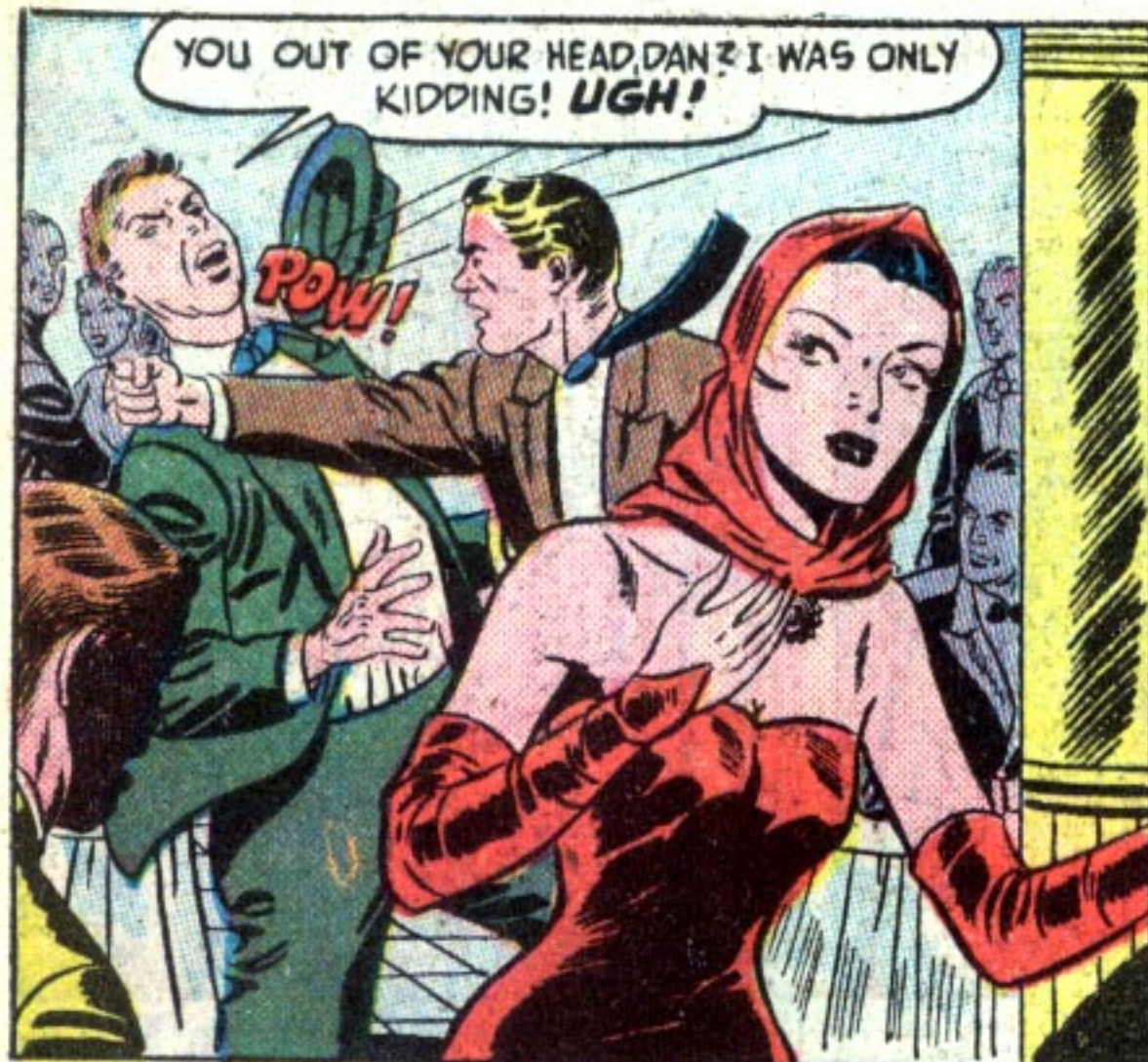
I DON'T GET IT...I KNOW I'M IN **LOVE** WITH NANCY, BUT IT'S AS THOUGH SOME **HYPNOTIC FORCE** IS DRAWING ME TO **HER**... **IRRESISTIBLY!** OH-OH, THERE'S A REPORTER FROM THE **CLARION!**



WELL, DAN, OLD BOY...SO **THIS** IS THE URGENT ASSIGNMENT YOU BROKE A DATE WITH NANCY FOR! PRETTY SLICK!

WHY, YOU...

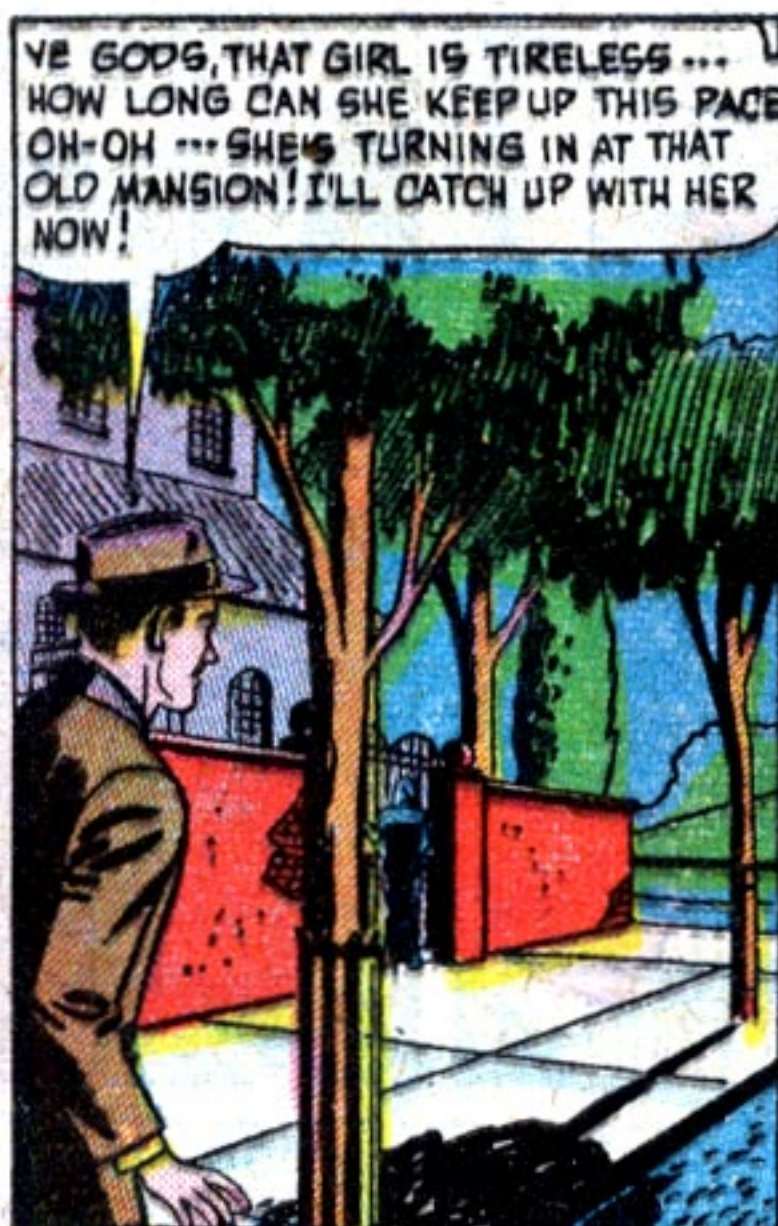






GOODBYE, DAN ... FOREVER!

I CAN'T LET HER GO...I'LL FOLLOW HER!



VE GODS, THAT GIRL IS TIRELESS ... HOW LONG CAN SHE KEEP UP THIS PACE? OH-OH ... SHE'S TURNING IN AT THAT OLD MANSION! I'LL CATCH UP WITH HER NOW!



DAN! HOW DARE YOU FOLLOW ME? DON'T ASK QUESTIONS, BUT GO, IMMEDIATELY... BEFORE HE SEES YOU!

SO THAT'S THE WAY IT IS! YOU'RE MARRIED! OKAY ... SO LONG!



HMM, THAT MAN AT THE DOOR... I'VE SEEN HIS FACE BEFORE! I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF ALL THIS!



NEXT DAY, LIKE A DRUGGED MAN AWAKENING FROM A STUPOR, DAN GRADUALLY SHOOK OFF THE MESMERIZING HOLD OF DRUSILLA! THEN...

NO, NANCY ISN'T AROUND! SHE WAS LOOKING THROUGH BACK ISSUES OF THE CLARION THIS AFTERNOON, BUT I HAVEN'T SEEN HER SINCE!

YOU SAY SHE WAS LOOKING THROUGH THE FILES? THAT'S FUNNY, I THINK I'LL CHECK UP THERE MYSELF!



YEP, HERE'S THE ISSUE SHE WAS LOOKING AT... AND JUST AS SOON AS SHE FINISHED IT, SHE RAN OUT OF HERE! NOW WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE GOT HER SO EXCITED IN A COPY OF THE CLARION FOR 1850?

DARNED IF I KNOW! HERE, LET ME HAVE A LOOK AT THAT!



"RENOWNED SCIENTIST, ANTON LORNE, AND HIS YOUNG BRIDE, DRUSILLA ATHERTON..."

WHY, IT'S DRUSILLA ... AND THAT MAN IN THE DOORWAY... BUT THAT JUST ISN'T POSSIBLE! THIS PICTURE WAS MADE OVER A HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

1850-0-CLARION

THERE'S SOMETHING MYSTERIOUS AND INCREDIBLY EVIL GOING ON IN THAT CREEPY OLD MANSION! **GOOD GRIEF, I WONDER IF NANCY...**



DRIVEN BY A GRIM PREMONITION, DAN RACED FOR THE STARK, SEPULCHRAL OLD HOUSE WHERE HE HAD LEFT DRUSILLA THE NIGHT BEFORE! THERE...



THAT'S **NANCY'S** CAR! AND, IT'S ODD... BUT **THERE ARE NO LIGHTS ON IN THE HOUSE!**

DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL EXPLAIN **THIS** TO THE CHIEF, IF MY HUNCH IS WRONG!



NOTHING IN HERE BUT CLOTHING... SOME OF IT ALMOST **NEW!** I WONDER...



GREAT SCOTT, THE INITIALS ON THIS TUXEDO ARE "RVC", AND IT HAS THE LABEL OF **VAN CLEVE'S** PERSONAL TAILOR! THIS IS THE SUIT HE WAS WEARING WHEN HE **DISAPPEARED!**



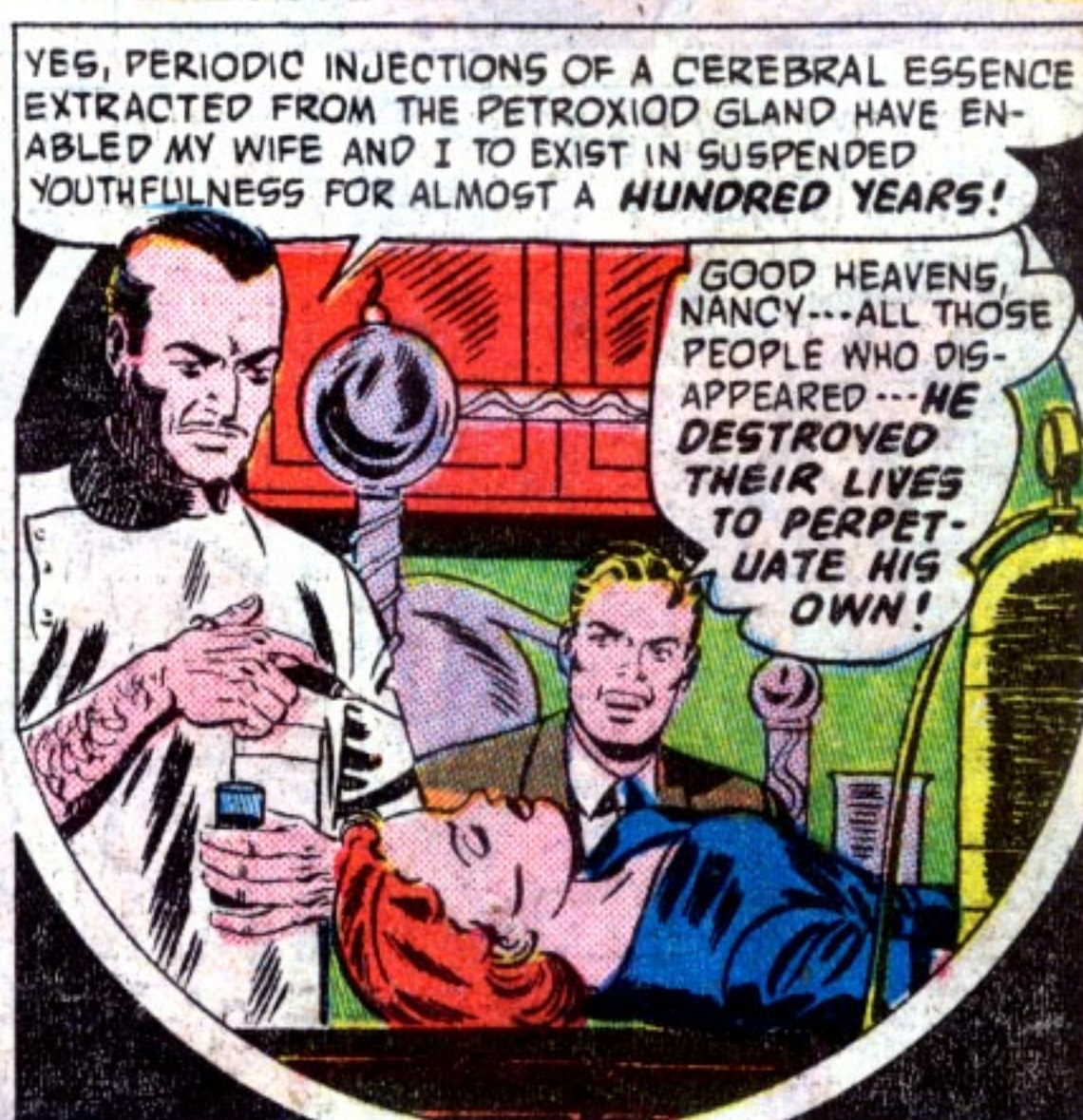
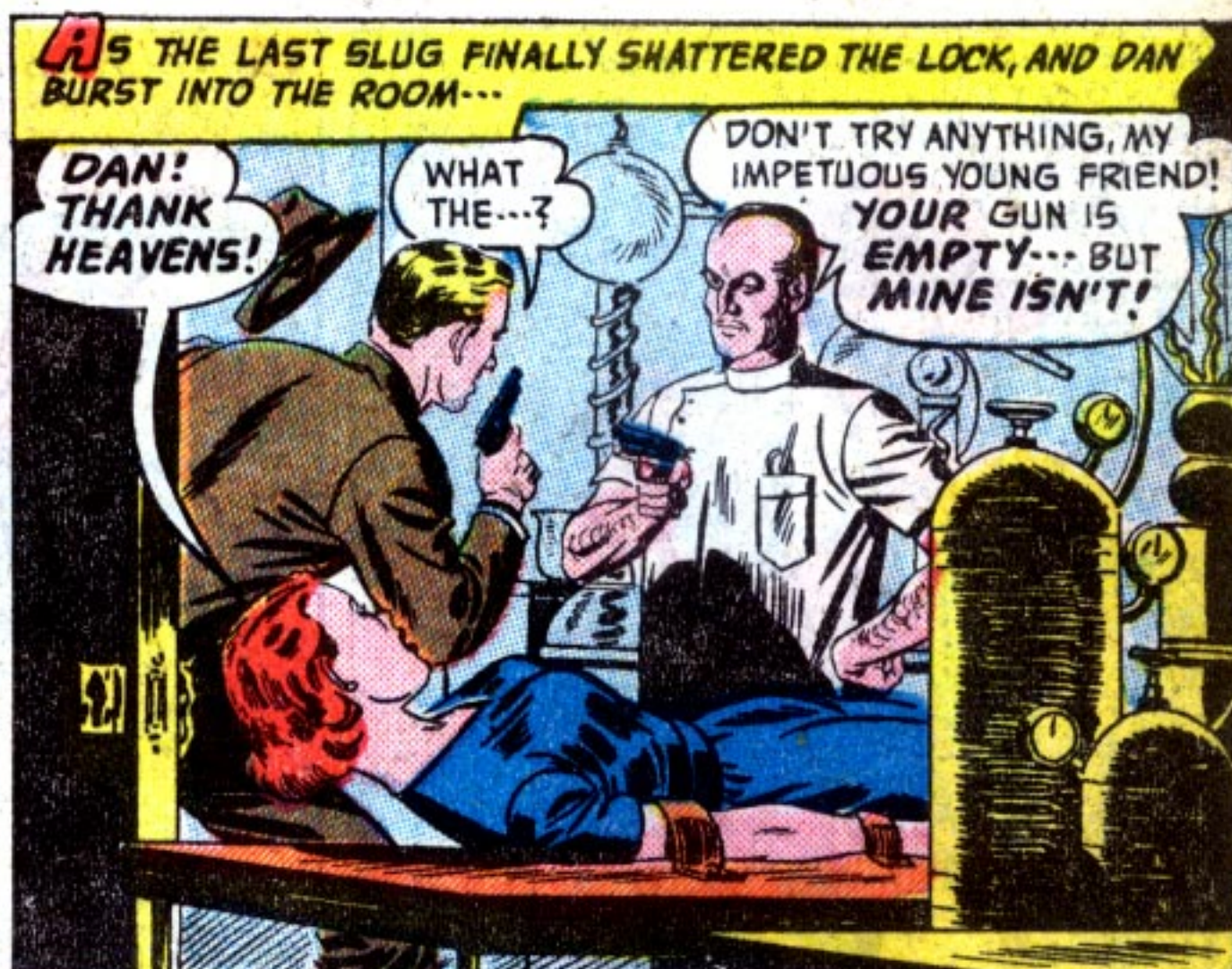
AND HERE'S A HANDBAG BELONGING TO THAT YOUNG WOMAN WHO DISAPPEARED LAST WINTER... AND THE COAT OF A MAN WHO'S BEEN MISSING FOR **FIVE YEARS!** YE GODS... WHAT **DIABOLICAL FORCE** IS AT WORK IN THIS HOUSE?

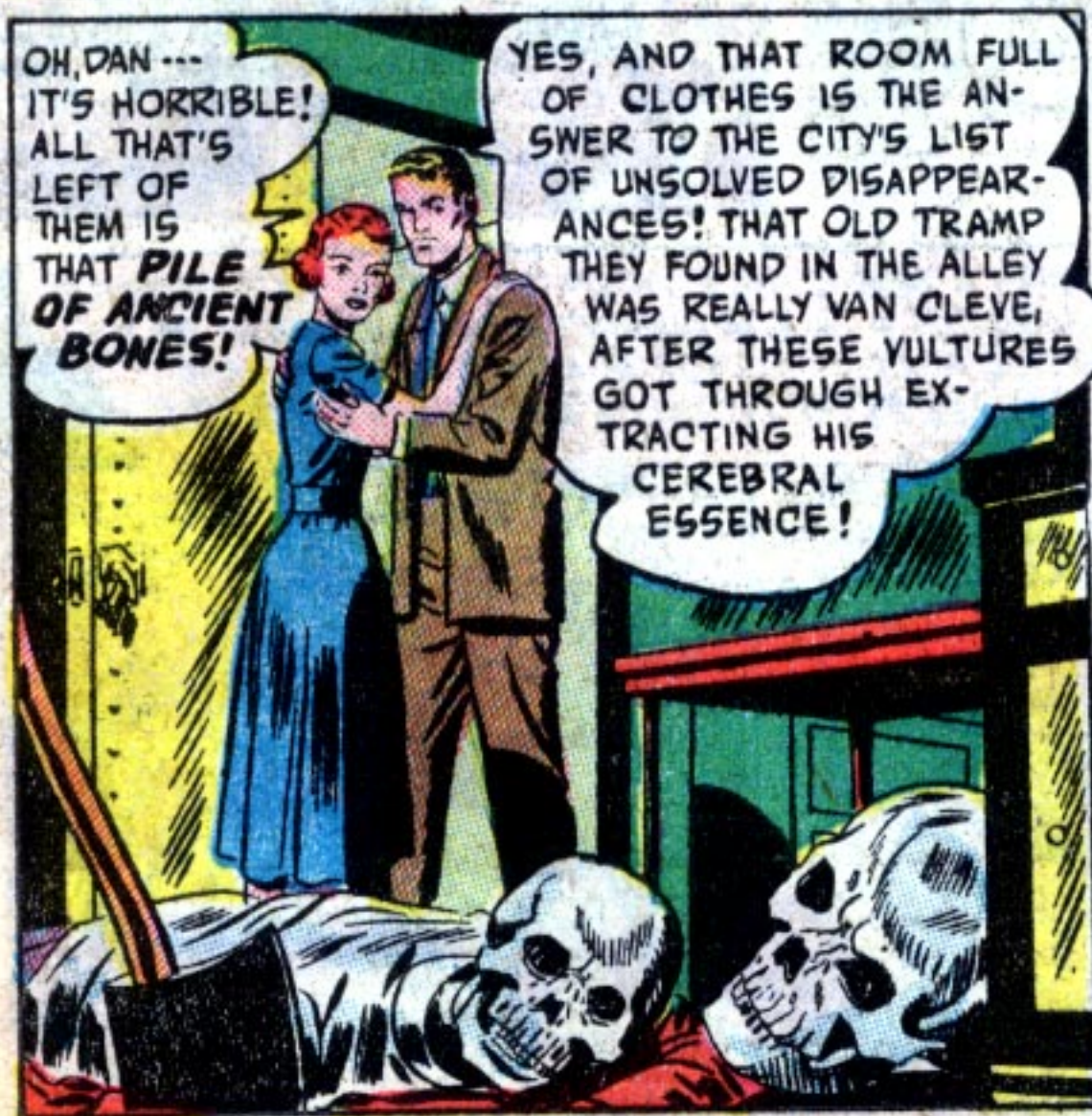
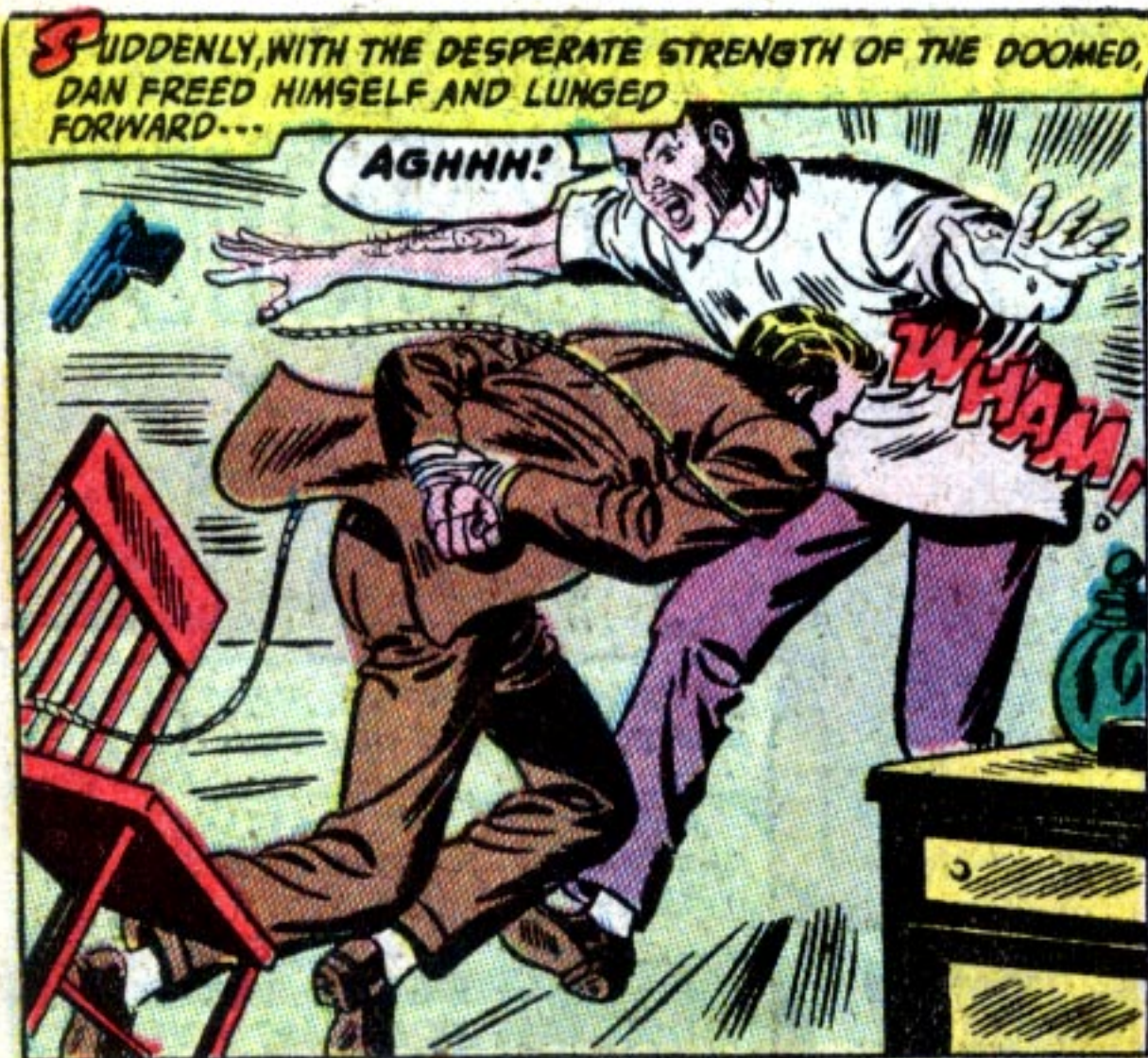


THEN... AN APPALLING DISCOVERY...

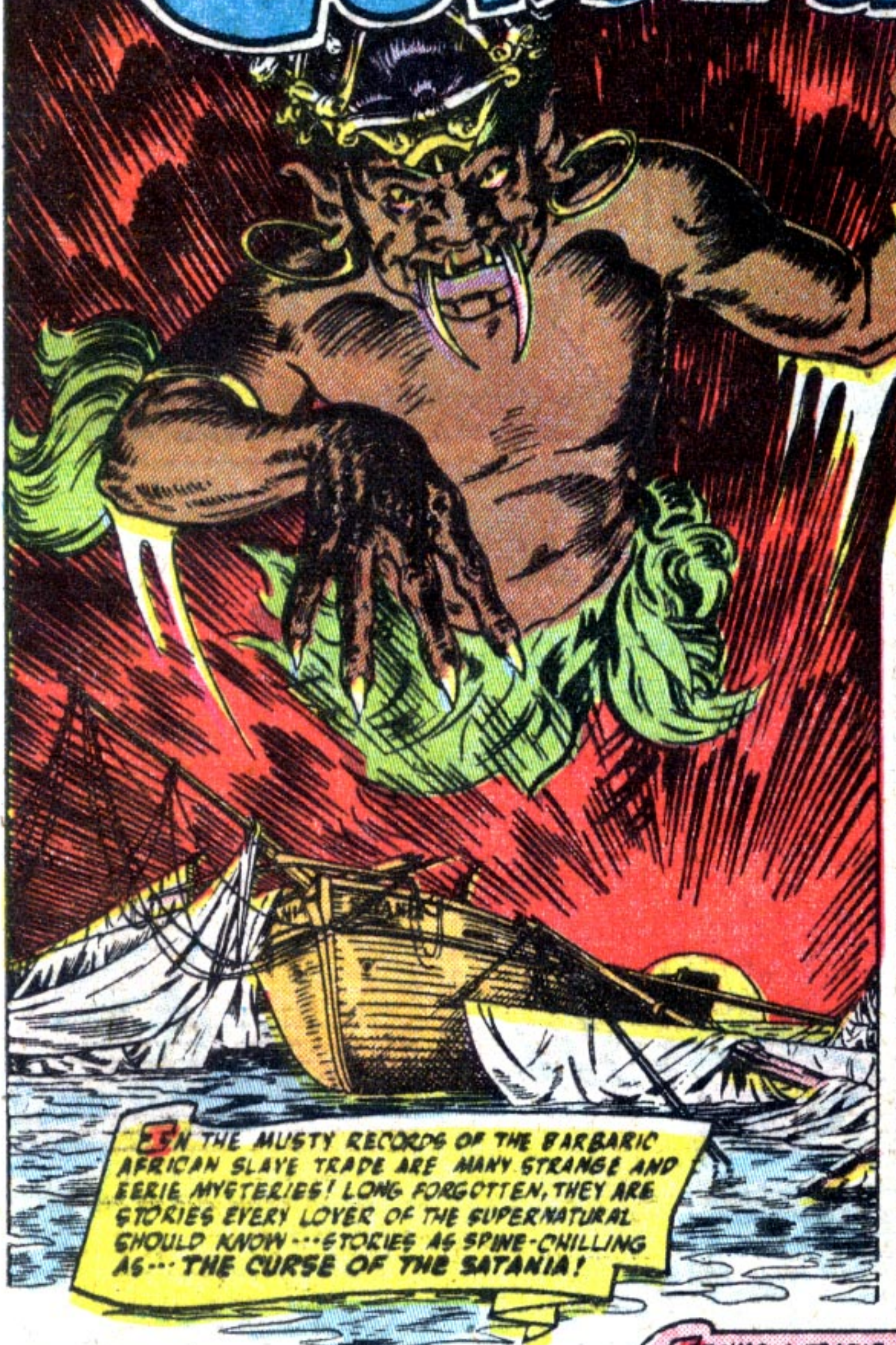
GOOD GRIEF! HERE'S NANCY'S EARRING!







CURSE OF THE SATANIA



ALONG THE MID-ATLANTIC SLAVE ROUTES, IN THE YEAR 1789...

“AHOY, SATANIA! AHOY!”

“THAT’S STRANGE, MATE... THEY DON’T ANSWER AND I DON’T SEE A LIVING SOUL IN HER RIGGING! WE’D BETTER BOARD AND HAVE A LOOK ABOUT!”

MOMENTS LATER... A GHASTLY DISCOVERY!

“GREAT GUNS, LADS... THIS SHIP IS WELL NAMED! SATAN’S OWN HAND SEEMS TO HAVE RUN AMOK! NOT A LIVING THING ABOARD, AND NO TRACE OF THE WHITE CREW!”

“WAIT, CAPTAIN! ONE OF THE SLAVES SEEMS TO BE STILL BREATHING!”

IN THE MUSTY RECORDS OF THE BARBARIC AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE ARE MANY STRANGE AND EERIE MYSTERIES! LONG FORGOTTEN, THEY ARE STORIES EVERY LOVER OF THE SUPERNATURAL SHOULD KNOW... STORIES AS SPINE-CHILLING AS... THE CURSE OF THE SATANIA!

“HE... HE IS ALIVE... AND HE’S WEARING A WITCH-DOCTOR EMBLEM!”

“KUM... KUMBAYO... OUR GOD... HE HAS STRUCK!”

“QUIET, LADS... THE POOR DEVIL IS TRYING TO TELL US WHAT HAPPENED!”



IT WAS A TRAGIC TALE WHICH THE DYING WITCH-DOCTOR GASPED OUT, A TALE BEGINNING WITH THE INVASION OF A PEACEFUL AFRICAN VILLAGE BY A BAND OF MERCILESS SLAVERS, LED BY THE INFAMOUS CAPTAIN FERRET!

“SHOOT THE OLD MEN AND WOMEN, ME HEARTIES... THE OTHERS’LL FETCH A GOOD PRICE!”

“YAAGH!”

“AARGH!”

“BANG! BANG!”



MODERN WEAPONS QUICKLY PREVAILED OVER THE CRUDE SPEARS OF THE NATIVES! BUT MOMENTS LATER, DRIVEN BY HIS BOUNDLESS GREED, CAPTAIN FERRET MADE... A FATAL ERROR!

WHAT DO WE DO WITH THIS BUCKO, CAP'N? HE'S THE TRIBAL WITCH-DOCTOR! THEY SAY THEY HAVE STRANGE POWERS AND...

HA! HE'S WELL-BUILT... HE'LL MAKE A FINE SLAVE! BRING HIM ALONG!



AS THE GRIM VOYAGE CONTINUED, AND CAPTAIN FERRET CONTINUED TO SHOW THE QUALITY OF HIS MERCY...

ANOTHER TWENTY LASHES FOR THE SCURVY DOG! WE'LL TEACH THESE HEATHENS YET!

REMEMBER, BROTHER... YOU ARE THE CAPTAIN'S SERVANT! YOU MUST NOT FAIL US!



DAYS LATER, IN THE PESTILENCE-LADEN HOLD OF THE GRIM SATANIA...

HEAR ME, MY BROTHERS! OUR ANCIENT TRIBAL GOD, THE GREAT KUMBAYO, HEARKENS NOT UNTO MY WORDS, THOUGH HE IS ANGERED WITH THE WHITES FOR TREATING HIS PEOPLE THUS CRUELLY! KUMBAYO DEMANDS THE PROPER OFFERINGS BEFORE HE WILL COME, SO LISTEN TO MY PLAN!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN...

SWEEP UP THIS ROOM, YOU DEVIL... BEFORE I HAVE THE SKIN STRIPPED FROM YOUR BACK!

THREATEN NOW, CAPTAIN... BUT YOUR HOURS ARE NUMBERED FOR NOW KUMBAYO WILL HAVE HIS PREPER OFFERING!



LATER, IN THE HOLD... A WEIRD RITUAL!

BY THE SKULLS OF OUR ANCESTORS, AND THE POWER OF THIS SACRED SIGN... HEAR MY WORDS, OH KUMBAYO! THE HAIR OF CAPTAIN FERRET LIES WITHIN THE BORDER OF YOUR SYMBOL! RISE, RISE... LET YOUR PEOPLE SEE YOUR GRIM AND SPECTRAL FORM!



THEN, RISING LIKE THE INCARNATION OF MORTAL DOOM...

IT... IT IS KUMBAYO!

COMMAND, MY CHILDREN... AND I SHALL OBEY! BUT REMEMBER... I GRANT BUT ONE WISH... ONE! SO CHOOSE... WISELY!



WITHOUT PAUSING TO CONSIDER...

MUCH HAVE WE SUFFERED AT THE HANDS OF THE WHITES, MIGHTY ONE! HEAR OUR PLEA... STRIKE AGAINST THEM WITH FULL FURY! SCATTER DEATH AND HORROR LIKE THE SEEDS OF DOOM! STRIKE... AND SPARE NONE!

I HAVE HEARD YOUR WORDS... AND I GO!

A MOMENT LATER, ON DECK...

WELL, LADS... THERE'LL BE GOLD FOR ALL WHEN WE SELL THE SLAVES! THINK I'LL... WHAT'S THAT?

S-SOMETHING'S RISING FROM THE DECK... AND IT'S NOT HUMAN!

THEN, WITH THE FEARSOME STRENGTH OF THE SUPERNATURAL...

NO, NO! H-HELP!

YOU... DIE!

RUN... RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

BUT WHERE WAS THERE TO RUN, TO HIDE? LIKE A FEARFUL PLAGUE, KUMBAYO STRUCK... AGAIN AND AGAIN!

HE'S SMASHING THE MAST LIKE A MATCHSTICK!

ALL... ALL... MUST DIE!

CRASH!

YAAAAAAA!

FINALLY, IN THE CABIN TO WHICH THE CRUEL CAPTAIN FERRET HAD RETREATED...

THE BULLETS... THEY... THEY DON'T STOP HIM!... ARGH!

BANG! BANG!

WITH DAWN, AND THE END OF THE GHASTLY SLAUGHTER...

THE WHITES ARE DEAD... AND KUMBAYO HAS RETURNED TO THE WORLD FROM WHENCE HE CAME! THROW THEIR CARCASSES OVERBOARD... TO THE WAITING SHARKS! WE ARE FREE, AT LAST!

BUT THE MAST IS WRECKED... NO LONGER CAN THE SHIP BE SAILED!

VES, THE NATIVES WERE STRANDED... ON A HELPLESS VESSEL! AND AS THE WEEKS PASSED, AND HUNGER AND THIRST TOOK THEIR TERRIBLE TOLL...

KUMBAYO... HEarken, WE BESEECH YOU! SAVE US FROM A HIDEOUS DEATH!

HE WILL NOT LISTEN! HE PROMISED ONE REQUEST, AND NO MORE! WE ARE DOOMED!

AND SO IT WAS... ALL MY PEOPLE... DEAD! KUMBAYO WARNED ME TO CHOOSE WISELY, BUT I FAILED! HE COULD HAVE RESTORED MY PEOPLE TO OUR NATIVE HOMES IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE, BUT I CHOSE VENGEANCE! AND FOR THAT, I, TOO... MUST...

AGH!

HE... HE'S DEAD, CAPN! HIS STORY'S CRAZY... HE MUST'VE LOST HIS MIND UNDER THIS HOT SUN!

PERHAPS, MATE, AND PERHAPS... NOT!

WHAT DO YOU THINK, READER?

THE END! 3.

You Can WIN

This 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!



I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!

Which of these
2 ME'S
is YOU?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-**SISSY** below
ARMED WAS ME
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 **10c**
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES.
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE.

When I enrolled I was
a skinny, sick weak-
ling. As you can see
in my "Before" Photo I
looked like a child...
years younger than my
age. I was ashamed to
take a picture in bath-
ing trunks as I do now.
I was shy with girls
because I had nothing
to show off. A few
weeks after starting
the Jowett Course my
body was the best in
the neighborhood. Now
I get respect and ad-
miration from every
fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch
NEW YORK

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him NOW—
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

as **YOU**
can be
soon!

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to
YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND
SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY,
SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American
HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't
cost you one solitary cent.

Develop **YOUR 520 MUSCLES**
Gain Pounds, **INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way
known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my
"5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways
fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like
champ Roger Hirsch did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail
coupon NOW!

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR FREE OFFER!



Roger
Hirsch
before

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more
just mail **NOW**
the **FREE**
coupon below
as I did. Soon
YOU can add

6 1/2 inches to your **CHEST**
3 inches to each **ARM**
and the rest
in proportion
just as I did.

Come on, **PAL, NOW**
YOU GIVE ME
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE
YOU a **NEW HE-MAN BODY**
For Your **OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're
a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're
short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST
10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER
by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck
to a Champion of Champions.



FREE



GEORGE F. JOWETT
"Champion of
Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect
Man Contest

BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. AM-29

"Jowett Courses
greatest in
World for
Building
All-Around
HE-MEN"
—R. F. Kelley
Director
Physical

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Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build
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Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c
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ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____



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Buy Now at our Low Low PRICES!

Hi! I'm GINGER!
the Doll whose HAIR
YOU CAN WAVE!

I have RUBBER WONDERSKIN!

FREE HAIR WAVE KIT

NEW!

only \$3.98

TERRIFIC VALUE!

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

A wonderful new doll in washable rubber Wonderskin whose hair is so lifelike it can be waved in any style and rewaved just like your own. A perfect playmate for the "Junior Mother" of the house. Complete with real Hair-wave kit which consists of . . . plastic curlers . . . rubber waving bands . . . waving end papers . . . plastic comb . . . and bottle of hair wave lotion. Ginger is 11 inches tall. Her soft cuddly body which can be bathed will give the "Junior Miss" an almost real baby sister to play with.

NEW MYSTERY FISH-BOWL

AMAZING

What keeps the water in the loop?

IT'S NEW — IT'S DIFFERENT

BEAUTIFULLY MOLDED PLASTIC GYM

FISH SWIM THROUGH MAGIC LOOP

DECORATES END TABLES, BOOKCASES, ETC.

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

What keeps the water in the loop? Amaze and mystify your friends with this sensational new "mystery" fish-bowl molded from clear durable plastic with a scientific tube loop. Fill it with approximately 1/2 gallon of water as per our secret instructions, then insert two or three of your pet goldfish. You'll watch them for hours and hours as they frisk and frolic through the loop. The perfect compliment to any room. Decorates end-tables, bookcases, etc. Makes a wonderful gift. **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

NEW! SENSATIONAL! AMAZING! 22 pcs.

NURS-A-DOLLY

COMPLETE NURSING SET

BOTTLES-NIPPLES

MEASURING CUP

FUNNEL

KETTLE

BOTTLE BRUSH

Imagine Only \$3.98 Complete

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

• She drinks; She wets!
• Washable Rubber Wonderskin!
• 22 pc. complete—dolly, nursing kit!

To thrill the heart of every little mother—this sensational 22 piece NURS-A-DOLLY! Cuddly rubber doll drinks, and wets her diaper . . . comes with complete feeding equipment — 21 sturdy pieces including sterilizer rack, nipple jar and kettle, formula measuring cup, funnel and spoon, and six bottles and nipples ready to use! Made of soft, life-like WONDERSKIN, you can bathe her, move her arms and legs. **SEND NO MONEY** (C. O. D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

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HE'S OVER 19" TALL!

MOVES HIS MOUTH, ARMS AND LEGS!

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Hey kids—here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist—in a jiffy! Imagine—you can make **HAPPY** the COWBOY actually talk! (in your own voice, of course.) Pull the string in the back of his head—watch his lips move—hear your own words coming right out of **HAPPY'S** mouth! See how real he looks—rigged up in a cowboy hat, washable plaid shirt and western pants. . . Show off your skill at parties—at school! **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

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